

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

No. 498.

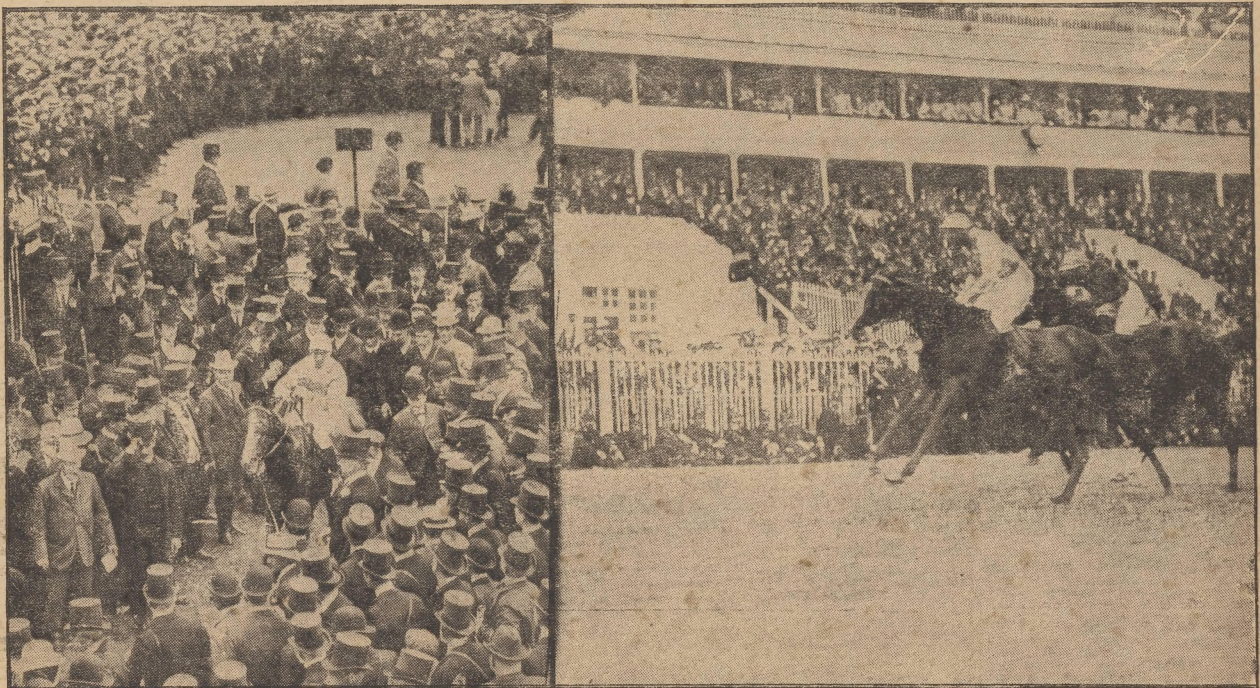
Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1905.

One Halfpenny.



LORD ROSEBERY WINS HIS THIRD DERBY



The large photograph shows the finish of the Derby at Epsom yesterday, when Cicero came in first, by less than a length, after an exciting race, Jardy, the French champion, being second, and Signorino third. Next to it is one of Lord Rosebery, leading in the winner. The portrait on the left-hand side of the page is that of Mr. Percy Peck, the trainer of Cicero, and on the right is one of D. Maher, the jockey who rode the English favourite. In the centre is a snapshot of Lord Rosebery watching the race.

PERSONAL.

ALICE—I implore you to say where you are. Any trouble welcomed rather than this terrible suspense. Worried to death. **HARRY.**

MISSING—Should this reach the eye of anyone who wishes to reach a friend or relative, who has disappeared abroad, in the Colonies or in the United States, let him advertise in the "Over-Sea Daily Mail," which reaches every part in the whole world where any English-speaking person is to be found. Specimen of terms on application to Advertising Department, "Over-Sea Daily Mail," 3, Carnarvon House, London, E.C.

* * The above advertisements are received up to 4 p.m. and are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d., and 2d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 4s., and 6d. per word after.—Address, Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 12, Whitechapel-st., London.

THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

DELPHI—Lessee and Manager, Otto Stuart. LAST NIGHTS. TO-NIGHT at 8. LAST MAT. SAT. at 2. **HAMLET**, H. B. Irving, Oscar Acche, Mrs. Tree, Lily Bratton. Tel. 2656 Gerrard.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. Mr. TREE. TO-NIGHT EVERY EVENING, at 8.50. **BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.** Adapted by Octave Mirbeau. **MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT** June 3, at 2.50. And every following Wednesday and Saturday, at 8.15. **THE BALLAD-MONGER.**

IMPERIAL. MR. LEWIS WALLER. TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, at 8.30. **HAWTHORNE, U.S.A.** MR. WALLER. MR. ERMOND. MISS MILLARD. **MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.50.**

LYRIC THEATRE—Lessee, Mr. William Greet. Under the management of Mr. T. B. Martin. **MARTIN HARVEY'S SEASON**. TO-DAY and TO-MORROW, at 8 (last 2 performances). **HAMLET**. On SAT. June 3, at 8.15. MR. MARTIN HARVEY will present **THE BREED OF THE TREASURES**, by John Rutherford. Tel. 3687 Gerrard.

ST. JAMES'S—Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER. Last 10. **JOHN CHILCOTE, M.P.** Last 10. **Performances**. By E. Temple Thurston. Performances. Adapted from the story of Katherine Temple Thurston. **LAST 2 MATINEES, SAT. and WED. NEXT, at 2.50.**

THE COLISEUM. CHARING CROSS. **FOUR PERFORMANCES DAILY** at 12 noon, 3 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and 8 o'clock. All seats in all parts are numbered and reserved. Stamped addressed envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats. Prices: Boxes, 12s. 2s. 13s. 15s. 6d. and 1s.; Penthons, 10s. 6d. and 7s. 6d.; Stalls, 6s. 4s. 2s. and 1s.; Balcony, 2s. 1s. 6d. and 1s. 6d. **CHILDREN UNDER TWELVE HALFPRICE** in all Penthons and Stalls. Telegrams: "Coliseum, London."

THE LYCEUM—TO-NIGHT, 6.50 and 9. Yukio Tani, Raymond and Kunkum, Joe Almasio, Dan Royle, 7 Lind, Dent and Harris, Annie, Downes and Langford, Monica Johnston, Ricardo and Salvo, Pictures, Lyceum Operatic Company, Annie Purcell.

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, ETC.

CRYSTAL PALACE. TO-DAY. **COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION**. Representative Exhibits from all parts of the world. **GREAT SOMALI ANIMAL CAMP**. Displays by Native Warriors, 2.50, 3.50, and 6.50. Patriotic Concert at 3.30. Artists: Miss Annie Bartle, Miss Margaret Lewis, and Mr. Peter Dawson. **CAFE CHANTANT**, 4.0 and 8.0. Opening at 8.0. **GORGEOUS FIREWORK DISPLAY** at 9.0. Numerous Novelties and great Patriotic Set Piece. Displays every Thursday and Saturday. Military Band and numerous other attractions. Table (quite luxurious) and dinners in the dining-rooms overlooking the grounds and fireworks display. Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., Caterers by Appointment.

ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS, "HENGERS," 15 OXFORD-CIRCUS, W. Daily at 3 and 8. Over 1000 acting and performing animals. Daily 3 and 8. Prices 1s. to 6s. Children half-price to all parts.

NAVAL SHIPPING, AND FISHERIES EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT. Open 12 noon to 11 p.m. Admission 1s. Season tickets, 10s. 6d. Naval Construction, Armaments, Fisheries, and Fisheries. **NELSON'S CENTENARY RELICS**, and of all Naval Events from 1805 to 1905.

FISHING VILLAGE. Working Exhibits. Model of "Victory." **BAND OF THE IRISH GUARDS**. **EXHIBITION NAVAL BAND**. Go on board the illustrious Cruise. Real Batteries of 47 Guns. Hotchkins and Maxim. The Cruise is manned by a crew of 150 half-pay-men. Go on board and visit the Mediterranean port. Trafalgar 1805—Professor Fleischer's Great Work. Death of Nelson. West's "Our Navy." Maxim's Great Flying Machine. Fairy Grotto. Indian Canoes. Great Canadian Indian Village—Chiefs, Squaws, and Papooses. Voyage in a Submarine. Vanderdecken's Haunted Cabin. Famous Sea Fight. Miss de Rohm's Musical and Dramatic Sketches. Tulliam Canoe. Auto-Photographic Portraits. Switch-back, Chimes.

FISH RESTAURANT IN QUEEN'S COURT.

RAILWAYS, SHIPPING, ETC.

POLYTECHNIC TOURS AND CRUISES. **CRUISES TO THE NORWEGIAN FIORDS**. A cruise of nearly 5,000 miles for 41 guineas. Fortnight from June 10th. **A WEEK IN SWITZERLAND, 4 GUINEAS**. Conducted parties and independent travel for LUCERNE, Geneva, Grindelwald, Zermatt, Chamonix, Italy, The Rhine, etc. **A WEEK IN PARIS** for 41 guineas, including excursions in Paris, also to Fontainebleau and Versailles. Leaving every week. **SPECIAL WHITSUN TOURS**. PROGRAMME now ready. Full details from the Polytechnic, 30, Regent-st., London, W.

24 DAYS AT SEA, 15 to 17 GUINEAS. The steamship **OROTAVA** will be dispatched from LONDON on June 10th for DUNKERQUE, GIBRALTAR, TANGIER, and four other ports on the Coast of Morocco, Tenerife, Las Palmas (Canaries), and Madeira, returning to London on July 2. Next steamer **ZWENDE**, June 25. All berths 20 guineas. Doctor and stewardess. Illustrated handbook applied for from Messrs. FROEDENBERG and CO., 45, St. Mary Axe, E.C.; or the offices of Messrs. THOS. COOK and SON.

HOLIDAY RESORTS.

ISLE OF MAN FOR HEALTH AND HOLIDAYS.—Sunniest spot in United Kingdom; air bracing and scenic charming; guides, excursions, hotel and apart. Lists free. Free. **WALLER D. KEIG**, 27, Imperial-buildings, Ladgate Circus, E.C.

FAT PEOPLE GIVEN FREE TREATMENT.

We have such marvellous records of reductions effected in hundreds of cases with Fell's Reducing Tablets, that we have decided, for a limited period only, to give free trial treatments.

7LB. PER WEEK REDUCTION IS GUARANTEED, without dieting. Perfectly harmless, pleasant; easy and quick results. Send no money. Simply address the **FELL FORMULA ASSOCIATION**, 199 Century House, 205 Regent St., London, W., when a free supply in plain wrapper and postage paid will be immediately forwarded.

PARTNERSHIPS AND FINANCIAL.

ANNUITANTS WHO ARE RESTRAINED from BORROWING on their incomes, or persons who are entitled to cash or property at death of relatives, or others can have advances. Sum advanced can be repaid when expectancy is received. Apply to **LOTHOUSE AND CO.**, Bankers' Agents, 119, Victoria-street, Westminster. who have the **SPECIAL FUND TO INVEST** with Ladies and Gentlemen of Fixed Income which ceases on Death or Remarriage. Immediate advances in case of Pressure. No fees. **TERMS FIVE PER CENT. PER ANNUM.**

LADY Vancutcher wanted with experience of vibro-massage preferred to join advertiser: profit-sharing terms; good opportunity for introducing business; International Vibro-massage Machine produced by advertiser; for capable business woman—Write Q, c/o Colman's Advertising Office, 3, Arundel-st, Strand, W.C.

LAND, HOUSES, ETC., FOR SALE.

HITHER Green Junction—465 cash only; balance less than rent; semi-detached house; large garden, 3 reception, 6 bed, bathroom (b. and c.); beautifully redecorated; modern improvements; electric light, complete with fittings throughout; lease 54 years, at £10 10s.; price £465 only, well worth £225; a sacrifice to close estate. Address Owner, "The Clock House," 14, Broadbury-park, N.W.

STREATHAM (best part)—A few commodious Houses to be sold or let, containing dining, drawing, and 4 large bed rooms, bath (b. and c.), kitchen, scullery, and usual offices; analapya dials, electric light, tiled hall and veranda; gravel only external; road planted with trees; near two stations and electric tram; price £375; liberal mortgage if required; rent £36. Call any day Saturdays and Sundays included, or write "Crutchen, Ribblesdale House, Thrale-road, Streatham. Telephone 155 Streatham.



"LLOYD" MODEL

SALE PRICE £10:10

CASH or EASY TERMS ARRANGED.

BASS STOPS.
Bass Coupler
Dulcet
Diapason
Forte
Sub Bass
Grand Organ

AMERICAN ORGAN

SALE PRICE £10:10

CASH or EASY TERMS ARRANGED.

TREBLE STOPS.
Vox Humana
Dulciana
Piano
Vox Celeste
Treble Coupler
Forte
Knee Swell

GREAT BARGAIN

in beautifully finished case, as shown above. Sent on Approval without Deposit, carriage free, for three clear days, and if not approved, return charges paid. Warranted for 20 years. Full price paid allowed if exchanged within three years for a higher class instrument.

D'ALMAINE & CO. (Estd. 120 Years), 91, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, E.C.

Closing time, 7 p.m.; Saturdays, 3.

MONEY—If you require an advance promptly completed at a fair rate of interest apply to the old-established Provincial Union Bank, 30, Upper Brook-st., Ipswich.

MONEY—London and County Advance Company advances money on personal and other security at reasonable rates. —57 and 58, Chancery-lane, W.C.

PRIVATE Loans—£20 upwards; repayable by post.—Write George Banks, Eaglecliffe, Gwent.

£10 TO £10,000 ADVANCED CONFIDENTIALLY on a NOTE OF HAND ALONE. In a few hours, repayable by easy instalments. NO SURTIES or FEES. Distance no objection. Apply to the actual lenders.

SEYMOUR AND WHITEHEAD, 10, Wallbrook, E.C. **£10 TO £10,000** immediately advanced on note of hand, repayable by arrangement; no fees or surtories; strict discretion (facing Liverpool-st.), London, E.C.

£20 UPWARDS lent to responsible persons; easy repayments; low interest; no fees.—Lender, Spa Grande, Hastings.

HOUSES, OFFICES, ETC., TO LET.

EVERY Rent-payer can buy at least One House.—Write for "The Provident" plan of buying a house with the rent; mention "Daily Mirror," and address Dept. M, 72, Bishopsgate-st. Without, E.C.

255 Cash—Charming Freehold Bungalow, brick tiled roof, 7 rooms, office; about half-acre land; gas, water, sewers. London 14 miles; station one mile; delightful, healthy district; balance 6s. 9d. monthly; no low costs.—Homesteads, Qd. Limited, 27, Essex-st, Strand, W.C.

2800 Freehold, double-fronted house, on 2 acres, with large square garden and carriage entrance, overlooking river; 4 bedrooms, 3 reception-rooms, bath, and kitchen; great bargain.

£30 Cash will purchase well-built house, ready for occupation in select neighbourhood; 3 bed, bath, 2 reception-rooms, and offices; garden; close to river and electric route to City; face 6d. return; balance as low rent, or £275 cash; long lease; photo and particulars on application.

£400 Freehold—Old-fashioned Cottage Residence, with small stable, 3 bed and 2 reception rooms and offices, good garden; near river—Call Mr. Jackson, on estate, 2, Grove Park-ter, Chelsea; or Tysler, Greenwood, and Crier, 260, High-road, Chiswick.

BUSINESSES FOR SALE AND WANTED.

TOBACCONIST Business, main street City of Exeter; lease; trading £250; rent £55.—E. W. Tupman, Southwark, Exeter.

EDUCATIONAL.

SINGING Lessons—Consult Professor Louis Cottal, voice specialist; over 20 years' experience preparing pupils for engagements; advice free.—65, St. Paul-st., Ebury.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Domestic. **GENERAL**, disengaged (20); 2 years' reference.—8, Esher-ter, New Ferry, Cheshire.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

A Representative wanted by an important company, to a suitable person, who is conversant with all matters relating to "Write M. N. 1815," "Daily Mirror," 12, Whitechapel-st., E.C.

AMBITIOUS Men anxious to get on should at once join the School of Motoring; prospects and testimonials by return; enclose 2 stamps (text-book 4s. 6d.; 25s., Deansdale, Manchester; 12, 18-20, Berry-st., Liverpool).

APPRENTICE wanted to learn Corset-making; no premium; good opening for superior girl—Apply to Miss Hammond, 235, Regent-st., London, W.

FREE Sample Pocket Rubber Stamp; your own name and address with particulars of spare time agency—Dept. Z, 89, Aldgate-st., London.

MEN and women wanting work in Canada or contemplating emigrating there or elsewhere should write for free and disinterested advice to the Salvation Army International Emigration Office; organized parties every week; no assisted passage, except for domestic servants.—Address Colonel Lamb, 101, Queen Victoria-st., London.

NEW Career for Women; salary from commencement; ladies with moderate capital and desirous of employing same in business under the supervision of a successful man; write "G. C. Colman's Advertising Office, 3, Arundel-st, Strand, W.C.

MARKETING BY POST.

ASPARAGUS—2s. large market bundle 100 heads, fresh-cut daily; free receipt P.O.; 2 bundles 3s. 9d.; 4 bundles, 7s.—J. H. Grover, 11, 13, 15, 17, 19, 21, 23, 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35, 37, 39, 41, 43, 45, 47, 49, 51, 53, 55, 57, 59, 61, 63, 65, 67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77, 79, 81, 83, 85, 87, 89, 91, 93, 95, 97, 99, 101, 103, 105, 107, 109, 111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 121, 123, 125, 127, 129, 131, 133, 135, 137, 139, 141, 143, 145, 147, 149, 151, 153, 155, 157, 159, 161, 163, 165, 167, 169, 171, 173, 175, 177, 179, 181, 183, 185, 187, 189, 191, 193, 195, 197, 199, 201, 203, 205, 207, 209, 211, 213, 215, 217, 219, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237, 239, 241, 243, 245, 247, 249, 251, 253, 255, 257, 259, 261, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 277, 279, 281, 283, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 303, 305, 307, 309, 311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403, 405, 407, 409, 411, 413, 415, 417, 419, 421, 423, 425, 427, 429, 431, 433, 435, 437, 439, 441, 443, 445, 447, 449, 451, 453, 455, 457, 459, 461, 463, 465, 467, 469, 471, 473, 475, 477, 479, 481, 483, 485, 487, 489, 491, 493, 495, 497, 499, 501, 503, 505, 507, 509, 511, 513, 515, 517, 519, 521, 523, 525, 527, 529, 531, 533, 535, 537, 539, 541, 543, 545, 547, 549, 551, 553, 555, 557, 559, 561, 563, 565, 567, 569, 571, 573, 575, 577, 579, 581, 583, 585, 587, 589, 591, 593, 595, 597, 599, 601, 603, 605, 607, 609, 611, 613, 615, 617, 619, 621, 623, 625, 627, 629, 631, 633, 635, 637, 639, 641, 643, 645, 647, 649, 651, 653, 655, 657, 659, 661, 663, 665, 667, 669, 671, 673, 675, 677, 679, 681, 683, 685, 687, 689, 691, 693, 695, 697, 699, 701, 703, 705, 707, 709, 711, 713, 715, 717, 719, 721, 723, 725, 727, 729, 731, 733, 735, 737, 739, 741, 743, 745, 747, 749, 751, 753, 755, 757, 759, 761, 763, 765, 767, 769, 771, 773, 775, 777, 779, 781, 783, 785, 787, 789, 791, 793, 795, 797, 799, 801, 803, 805, 807, 809, 811, 813, 815, 817, 819, 821, 823, 825, 827, 829, 831, 833, 835, 837, 839, 841, 843, 845, 847, 849, 851, 853, 855, 857, 859, 861, 863, 865, 867, 869, 871, 873, 875, 877, 879, 881, 883, 885, 887, 889, 891, 893, 895, 897, 899, 901, 903, 905, 907, 909, 911, 913, 915, 917, 919, 921, 923, 925, 927, 929, 931, 933, 935, 937, 939, 941, 943, 945, 947, 949, 951, 953, 955, 957, 959, 961, 963, 965, 967, 969, 971, 973, 975, 977, 979, 981, 983, 985, 987, 989, 991, 993, 995, 997, 999, 1001, 1003, 1005, 1007, 1009, 1011, 1013, 1015, 1017, 1019, 1021, 1023, 1025, 1027, 1029, 1031, 1033, 1035, 1037, 1039, 1041, 1043, 1045, 1047, 1049, 1051, 1053, 1055, 1057, 1059, 1061, 1063, 1065, 1067, 1069, 1071, 1073, 1075, 1077, 1079, 1081, 1083, 1085, 1087, 1089, 1091, 1093, 1095, 1097, 1099, 1101, 1103, 1105, 1107, 1109, 1111, 1113, 1115, 1117, 1119, 1121, 1123, 1125, 1127, 1129, 1131, 1133, 1135, 1137, 1139, 1141, 1143, 1145, 1147, 1149, 1151, 1153, 1155, 1157, 1159, 1161, 1163, 1165, 1167, 1169, 1171, 1173, 1175, 1177, 1179, 1181, 1183, 1185, 1187, 1189, 1191, 1193, 1195, 1197, 1199, 1201, 1203, 1205, 1207, 1209, 1211, 1213, 1215, 1217, 1219, 1221, 1223, 1225, 1227, 1229, 1231, 1233, 1235, 1237, 1239, 1241, 1243, 1245, 1247, 1249, 1251, 1253, 1255, 1257, 1259, 1261, 1263, 1265, 1267, 1269, 1271, 1273, 1275, 1277, 1279, 1281, 1283, 1285, 1287, 1289, 1291, 1293, 1295, 1297, 1299, 1301, 1303, 1305, 1307, 1309, 1311, 1313, 1315, 1317, 1319, 1321, 1323, 1325, 1327, 1329, 1331, 1333, 1335, 1337, 1339, 1341, 1343, 1345, 1347, 1349, 1351, 1353, 1355, 1357, 1359, 1361, 1363, 1365, 1367, 1369, 1371, 1373, 1375, 1377, 1379, 1381, 1383, 1385, 1387, 1389, 1391, 1393, 1395, 1397, 1399, 1401, 1403, 1405, 1407, 1409, 1411, 1413, 1415, 1417, 1419, 1421, 1423, 1425, 1427, 1429, 1431, 1433, 1435, 1437, 1439, 1441, 1443, 1445, 1447, 1449, 1451, 1453, 1455, 1457, 1459, 1461, 1463, 1465, 1467, 1469, 1471, 1473, 1475, 1477, 1479, 1481, 1483, 1485, 1487, 1489, 1491, 1493, 1495, 1497, 1499, 1501, 1503, 1505, 1507, 1509, 1511, 1513, 1515, 1517, 1519, 1521, 1523, 1525, 1527, 1529, 1531, 1533, 1535, 1537, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1545, 1547, 1549, 1551, 1553, 1555, 1557, 1559, 1561, 1563, 1565, 1567, 1569, 1571, 1573, 1575, 1577, 1579, 1581, 1583, 1585, 1587, 1589, 1591, 1593, 1595, 1597, 1599, 1601, 1603, 1605, 1607, 1609, 1611, 1613, 1615, 1617, 1619, 1621, 1623, 1625, 1627, 1629, 1631, 1633, 1635, 1637, 1639, 1641, 1643, 1645, 1647, 1649, 1651, 1653, 1655, 1657, 1659, 1661, 1663, 1665, 1667, 1669, 1671, 1673, 1675, 1677, 1679, 1681, 1683, 1685, 1687, 1689, 1691, 1693, 1695, 1697, 1699, 1701, 1703, 1705, 1707, 1709, 1711, 1713, 1715, 1717, 1719, 1721, 1723, 1725, 1727, 1729, 1731, 1733, 1735, 1737, 1739, 1741, 1743, 1745, 1747, 1749, 1751, 1753, 1755, 1757, 1759, 1761, 1763, 1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, 1779, 1781, 1783, 1785, 1787, 1789, 1791, 1793, 1795, 1797, 1799, 1801, 1803, 1805, 1807, 1809, 1811, 1813, 1815, 1817, 1819, 1821, 1823, 1825, 1827, 1829, 1831, 1833, 1835, 1837, 1839, 1841, 1843, 1845, 1847, 1849, 1851, 1853, 1855, 1857, 1859, 1861, 1863, 1865, 1867, 1869, 1871, 1873, 1875, 1877, 1879, 1881, 1883, 1885, 1887, 1889, 1891, 1893, 1895, 1897, 1899, 1901, 1903, 1905, 1907, 1909, 1911, 1913, 1915, 1917, 1919, 1921, 1923, 1925, 1927, 1929, 1931, 1933, 1935, 1937, 1939, 1941, 1943, 1945, 1947, 1949, 1951, 1953, 1955, 1957, 1959, 1961, 1963, 1965, 1967, 1969, 1971, 1973, 1975, 1977, 1979, 1981, 1983, 1985, 1987, 1989, 1991, 1993, 1995, 1997, 1999, 2001, 2003, 2005, 2007, 2009, 2011, 2013, 2015, 2017, 2019, 2021, 2023, 2025, 2027, 2029, 2031, 2033, 2035, 2037, 2039, 2041, 2043, 2045, 2047, 2049, 2051, 2053, 2055, 2057, 2059, 2061, 2063, 2065, 2067, 2069, 2071, 2073, 2075, 2077, 2079, 2081, 2083, 2085, 2087, 2089, 2091, 2093, 2095, 2097, 2099, 2101, 2103, 2105, 2107, 2109, 2111, 2113, 2115, 2117, 2119, 2121, 2123, 2125, 2127, 2129, 2131, 2133, 2135, 2137, 2139, 2141, 2143, 2145, 2147, 2149, 2151, 2153, 2155, 2157, 2159, 2161, 2163, 2165, 2167, 2169, 2171, 2173, 2175, 2177, 2179, 2181, 2183, 2185, 2187, 2189, 2191, 2193, 2195, 2197, 2199, 2201, 2203, 2205, 2207, 2209, 2211, 2213, 221

'HOW I WON THE BATTLE.'

Togo's Laconic Narrative of
His Great Victory.

BREAKING THE LINE.

How the Russian Flagship Went
Down.

DROWNING OFFICERS.

Rojestvensky Plunges Into Sea and
Swims for Life.

THE JAPANESE LOSSES.

Eloquent in its Spartan brevity, Admiral Togo's fifth report has been received at the Japanese Legation.

The Admiral, true to his description as "the man who always fights and seldom reports," merely confirms the capture of Admiral Rojestvensky in a wounded condition, and summarises the Russian losses.

Twenty warships have been either sunk or captured, and the Navy Department at Tokio officially declares that the total Japanese losses consist of three torpedo-boats.

The Japanese Admiral Misu was slightly wounded in the engagement of last Saturday.

TOGO'S STORY OF BATTLE.

The following telegram, dated Tokio, May 30 (7.45 p.m.) has been received at the Japanese Legation:—

Fifth report from Admiral Togo, received in the afternoon of May 30.

The main force of our combined fleet, upon accepting surrender of the remaining Russian main force near Liancourt Rocks in the afternoon of May 28, as already reported, stopped pursuit, and, while engaged in disposition of the surrendered ships, found in south-western direction the coast-defence ship Admiral Ushakoff.

Thereupon Iwate and Yakumo were immediately dispatched to pursue her. They invited her to surrender, but the invitation being refused, they sank her at 6 p.m., and rescued her remaining crew of over 300 men.

Cruiser Dmitri Donkoi was also found at 5 p.m. in north-western direction, and being immediately overtaken, was fired upon vigorously by our fourth division and second destroyer flotilla.

ROJESTVENSKY WOUNDED.

She was attacked at night by Second Destroyer Flotilla, and found next morning aground on south-eastern shore of Ureung Island, off the Korean coast.

Our destroyer Sazanami captured towards evening on May 27, in the south of Ureung Island, the Russian destroyer Bieuvoy, wherein were found Admiral Rojestvensky and another admiral, both severely wounded, together with eighty Russians, including staff officers from the flagship Prince Suvaroff, which sunk on May 27.

They were all taken prisoners. Our cruiser Chitose, while cruising northwards in the morning of May 28, found and sank another Russian destroyer.

Our cruiser Nittaka and destroyer Morakumo attacked also at noon, May 28, a Russian destroyer, which finally went aground.

RUSSIAN FUGITIVES' STORY.

According to the officers of the Almaz, which escaped to Vladivostok, Admiral Rojestvensky's squadron met the enemy in the Straits of Korea, near Tushshima. The fleets immediately closed.

The lightly-armed Almaz, acting on orders previously given by the admiral, separated herself from the main squadron at the first opportunity and made for Vladivostok soon after the beginning of the action, but not too soon to see that the losses on both sides in the Tishin combat were great.

Early in the battle the officer on the bridge of the Almaz, who was watching the Kniaz Suvaroff for signals, saw the flagship shudder from stem to stern as though under a blow from a huge hammer, and hesitate in her course.

There was a great upheaval of the waters around

the armoured giant, and then she began to list and sink.

The officers of the Almaz believe this was the debut of the submarine as an effective agent in naval warfare, or else the Kniaz Suvaroff must have been sunk by a large mine.

So extensive was the damage that the flagship sank rapidly as her decks reached the level of the sea. Officers and men could be seen struggling with the waves.

THE ADMIRAL SWIMS FOR LIFE.

A Russian torpedo-boat—either the Buni or the Bravi—ran in and picked up a number of the swimmers. Through glasses one of these was recognised as Admiral Rojestvensky.

Under the heavy attack of the Japanese warships, staunchly supported by torpedo-boats, submarines, and mines, the Borodino, Ural, and Oslabya were placed hors de combat, and followed the flagship to the bottom.

The fog which had been hovering over the scene of the action now began to settle down, and from the distance which the Almaz had now succeeded in covering it was difficult to follow details of the fighting with any degree of accuracy.

The officers are positive, however, that they saw two Japanese battleships disappear beneath the sea, and two of the enemy's cruisers appeared to be on the point of sinking.

WHAT AN ONLOOKER SAW.

The following account of the sea-fight is supplied by the Tokio correspondent of the Paris "Journal":—

The engagement began in the morning of May 27. A few Japanese cruisers first attacked the Russian squadron, but suddenly a powerful Japanese squadron appeared, and a terrible cannonade began on both sides. At the same time the wind increased to a tempest, raising heavy waves, which made the work of the gunners more difficult. Not until five o'clock in the afternoon was the Russian line of battle broken. The scattered units then began a desperate flight towards Vladivostok, pursued by the Japanese squadron, which kept in touch with the Russians and kept up a heavy fire. The cruiser Admiral Nakhimoff, being disabled, remained near Tushshima all night.

MOSQUITO FLEET AT WORK.

The sea became calm again, and all the Japanese torpedo-boats rushed to the attack. When day dawned several Russian ships had sunk.

At midday on the 29th the Japanese fleet was still engaged in the pursuit of the remnants of the Russian squadron. The Japanese declare, categorically, that their squadron sustained only trifling losses. The Vladivostok squadron did not join in the fight.

It is stated now that some Russian ships are off the island of Iurup, in the extreme north of Japan, where a battle of minor importance has been fought.

The latest official telegrams imply that the Russian fleet has been completely annihilated. Tokio is decked with flags, but there are no enthusiastic demonstrations. Japan has simply obtained the victory on which she confidently counted.

SCENE AT VLADIVOSTOK.

How Vladivostok learnt the news is told in a striking message from Reuter's correspondent at St. Petersburg, describing the arrival of the refugee cruiser Almaz.

The fact that a battle between the rival fleets was imminent, if, indeed, it had not already begun, was known through telegrams from Europe, and when it was learned that a Russian cruiser had been captured at Vladivostok Island heading for the harbour the city was filled with the wildest reports of every nature.

The inhabitants clustered in the streets, thronged the waterside, or climbed the frowning hills overlooking the harbour in order to obtain a better view.

Finally, towards six o'clock in the evening, the cruiser with two white funnels shot into view at the entrance to the Golden Horn, and rounded to her anchorage beneath the bristling guns of the promontory.

MARKS OF BATTLE.

The broken stump of the mizzen mast and a shot hole showing black upon the white paint of one funnel indicated that she had encountered the enemy.

As the anchor chain rattled through the hawseholes the vessel wreathed itself in smoke. It was the admiral's salute in honour of Admiral Jessen. Scarcely had the boom of the last gun begun to echo from the surrounding hills when Admiral Jessen's flagship, the Russia, answered the salute, and a minute after was followed by the guns of the fortress.

Excitement beyond description seized the thronging spectators. With frantic cheers they tossed their caps high in the air, while sober citizens jubilantly dancing upon the pier embraced each other.

From the crews of the ships in the harbour came warlike cheering. In a trice boats were dropped from the davits, and in a moment officers of the cruisers and torpedo-boats of the Vladivostok Squadron and military men from the fortress were swarming on board the Almaz to learn the eagerly-awaited news of the battle.

OFFICIAL RETURNS OF THE LOSSES.

Russia—Twenty Warships Built at
Cost of Nearly £11,000,000.

JAPAN—3 "T.B.s."

The full extent of the loss sustained by the Russian navy, as summarised in Togo's official report, is shown in the following table:—

SUNK.			
BATTLESHIPS.	Tons.	Guns.	Men. Cost.
Kniaz Suvaroff	13,516	4 12in.; 12 6in.	740 1,050,000
Alexander III.	13,516	4 12in.; 12 6in.	740 1,078,512
Borodino	13,516	4 12in.; 12 6in.	740 1,007,600
Oulbia	12,974	4 10in.; 13 6in.	732 937,000
Sissoi Veliki	10,400	4 12in.; 8 6in.	690 796,300
Navarin	10,206	4 12in.; 8 6in.	630 775,000
CRUISERS			
Ad. Nakhimoff	8,524	8 10in.; 10 6in.	587 572,000
Dmitri Donkoi	8,500	8 10in.; 10 4 7in.	510 421,000
Vladimir Monakh	6,500	6 8in.; 12 6in.	350 389,000
Yevstiana	3,850	6 6in.	360 310,000
Jeitusha	3,105	6 4 7in.	340 280,000
OTHER VESSELS			
Ad. Ushakoff	4,650	4 9in.; 4 6in.	318 410,000
3 Destroyers	1,950		180 200,500
Total 15.	106,818	168	6,997 8,234,413

CAPTURED.			
BATTLESHIPS.	Tons.	Guns.	Men. Cost.
Orcl	13,516	4 12in.; 12 6in.	740 1,020,000
Nicholas I.	9,700	2 12in.; 4 9in.	604 780,000
COAST DEFENCE SHIPS			
Apraxin	4,130	3 10in.; 4 6in.	318 414,000
Ad. Sazanami	4,800	4 9in.; 4 6in.	318 419,000
DESTROYERS			
Biedoy	350		60 66,000
Total (5)	32,495	45	2040 26,990,000
Grand Total (20)	139,314	201	9037 10,923,413

JAPANESE LOSSES.

WHAT TOGO SAYS.

The casualties sustained by the Japanese are dealt with by Admiral Togo as follows:—

The full particulars regarding injury to our ships are not yet in hand, but, so far as I could ascertain, none seriously injured, all being still engaged in operation.

The total casualties are not yet ascertained. The ships of the First Division are little over 400. H.I.H. Prince Yorihito is in excellent health. Admiral Misu is slightly wounded, in the engagement of May 27.

WHAT THE RUSSIANS SAY.

On the other hand, the Russian officers of the Almaz state that both fleets had already sustained terrible losses when the Almaz and Grosni broke through the hostile line of the Japanese ships. Two Japanese battleships had gone down before their eyes, and two cruisers with their sterns high out of the water seemed ready to plunge bow foremost to the bottom of the sea.

OFFICIAL—THREE TORPEDO BOATS.

TOKIO, Wednesday.—The Navy Department announces that the loss sustained by the Japanese fleet during the battle was only three torpedo-boats.—Reuter.

TRIBUTE TO TOGO.

TOKIO, Monday.—Baron Yamamoto sent the following message to the victorious Admiral: "The enemy's second and third squadrons successfully overcoming the difficulties attending their voyage eastwards, showed themselves of no mean power, but your squadron intercepting their advance to their destination put them into confusion and destroyed and captured nearly all their units. I send you sincere congratulations, and take the occasion to praise the virtue of the Emperor, to thank you and those under you for your onerous service extending over many months, and to express sympathy for the killed and wounded."—Reuter.

LATEST WAR ITEMS.

Admiral Rojestvensky has arrived at the Sasebo naval hospital.

Admiral Alexieff had an audience of the Tsar yesterday regarding the situation.

A Central News Tokio telegram says it is officially announced that Admiral Enquist was wounded in the naval battle.

The "Sviet" is the only Russian paper declaring itself in favour of the continuation of the war. Others either advocate peace or are silent.

A warrant officer of the Russian repairing ship Kamchatka, who has been landed at Moji, says that the Russian fleet on covering the Korean Straits numbered thirty-six vessels.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Light southerly breeze; fine and very warm in most districts; light thunderstorms.
Lighting-up time, 9.5 p.m.
Sea passages will be smooth generally.

ENGLAND FIRST TEST MATCH.

Wonderful Bowling by Bosanquet
Disposes of Australians.

ALL-ROUND TRIUMPH.

By F. B. WILSON.

(Last Year's Cambridge Captain.)

England scored a glorious victory in the first Test match of the Australians' present tour yesterday at Nottingham. Thus the nine points claim on the "Ashes," by virtue of possession, is strengthened by this splendid start to the season's campaign. Bosanquet was the man who did the damage yesterday.

When England started on the third day of the match they were 293 on with five wickets in hand. In these circumstances it was expected that forcing tactics would be employed almost immediately, as indeed they were by F. S. Jackson. Rhodes, however, stayed very quiet instead of having a dig, rather to the surprise of everyone. Jessop was down to come in next, and had Rhodes been outed England might have profited by his dismissal, as runs, and runs made quickly, was the order of the day.

Jackson, the English captain, played fine cricket, taking what would be for most men great risks, but on the perfect wicket, which has worn for three days in the most remarkable manner, and was even at the close that it was on the first day, nothing could go wrong for him. He got 83 in just over an hour and forty minutes, and had the satisfaction of scoring his 1,000 runs in Test matches.

ARMSTRONG KEEPS THE RUNS DOWN.

Armstrong again bowled extremely well, and was very difficult to score off, still bowling yorkers while the batsmen were trying to score at their best pace, especially Jackson. Jackson, after a few words with MacLaren, declared the English innings closed, leaving the Australians 402 to win.

The Australians were unlucky, indeed, to be without the services of Trumper, as, had he been available to open their innings, it would have been quite unsafe to declare for at least another half-hour. The Australians' feeling was again delightful, as it has been throughout the match.

Though comparisons are odious, perhaps Hill, Noble, and Gregory were the most brilliant throughout. Kelly's wicket-keeping was a sight for the blind, and the way that he took Armstrong when in imminent peril of being very badly hurt by batsmen hitting round was one of the features of the match.

Darling and Duff opened for Australia with about half an hour to go till lunch. They made 21 before that interval, playing quietly. Darling seemed to be beaten by his first ball from Rhodes, which went away a great deal, but otherwise both batsmen seemed thoroughly at home.

DARLING PLAYS FINELY.

After lunch runs came quicker, both batsmen scoring rather freely off Bosanquet. Darling especially seemed bereft of nerves, and played fine cricket, too. He might have been caught at deep square leg by Jones, who misjudged the flight of a flying low smothered Duff, running out to drive Bosanquet, changed his mind in the middle of his stroke and was easily caught and bowled.

Had Duff gone through with the stroke and thumped the ball for 4, it is very probable that this would have been Bosanquet's last over. It would have been well for Australia if Bosanquet had been taken off. When Noble had made 7 Bosanquet bowled the widest of wides, which pitched almost at his feet and bounced a dozen times.

The next ball, however, saw Noble brilliantly stumped by Lilley, the batsman only lifting his foot for a short second. With two wickets down, three hours and a quarter to go, and all question of getting the runs obviously abandoned, things looked rather serious for Australia when Armstrong walked to the wicket.

DISASTER ON DISASTER.

An optimistic crowd gave Armstrong stumped off Bosanquet, but with the batsman never lifting his foot he was quite safe. The next ball, however, he was nearly bowled out from a fine return by Jackson, but the ball just missed the stumps, and Bosanquet failed to put down the wicket. Even had he done so, it would have been a near thing.

More disaster followed in the same over to Australia, Darling being bowled by one that just beat the bat as the batsman lunged forward. Soon afterwards the Australians experienced another disaster, Bosanquet proving the worth of his great height by catching Hill from a return which would have been a foot over the ordinary man's head. Running back and jumping at exactly the right fraction of a second, he caught the ball right-hand, falling backwards as he did so.

With Trumper injured, and three hours to go, things looked black, but the wretched Bosanquet's fifth consecutive victim was Armstrong. He jumped out to drive, but the ball turning quickly,

(Continued on page 14.)

WINS AN EXCITING DERBY.

Lord Rosebery's Cicero Beats Jardy
After a Gallant Race.

KING'S CONGRATULATIONS

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

The one hundred and twenty-sixth race for the Derby was run at Epsom yesterday afternoon, and resulted as follows:—

Lord Rosebery's CICERO 1
M. Blanc's JARDY 2
Chev. Giniatelli's SIGNORINO 3

Cicero won an exciting race by three parts of a length, the betting being 11 to 4 on Cicero.

EPSOM, Wednesday Night.—"Jardy wins, Jardy wins—the French horse wins!" was the cry from ten thousand throats as M. Blanc's champion grappled with Cicero and Signorino in a desperate finish 200 yards from the judge's box.

There were moments of intense excitement as the issue of the fateful struggle for the Derby hung in the balance. Cicero, running with sterling gameness, forged ahead, to win a great race by three parts of a length from Jardy.

And the excitement was given to fever pitch in the nerve-tugging moments in which Signorino threatened the other pair and was only beaten by a cigar's length for second place.

Tumultuous cheers greeted the victory, and were renewed again and again as Lord Rosebery went out to lead Cicero—his third Derby winner—back to the enclosure.

Jardy's Superb Attempt.

It was a splendid victory, and the spoils but not all the honours went to the victor. Jardy, relatively far from fit, was a worthy representative of France, and the dramatic incidents connected with the horse linked with his gallant performance well deserved the applause given can amore by the sport-loving public.

It was not till the eleventh hour that M. Blanc finally resolved to run his horse. The suspense was felt in the market, not a bet being made, and the public had already saluted the King in the Jockey Club enclosure before they knew for a surety that Jardy would compete.

His Majesty arrived before the first race, and in the royal party were the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, Prince Arthur of Connaught, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Duke and Duchess of Portland, and Lord Farquhar.

Among the notables on the stand were most of the leading patricians of the Turf, and an unusually large number of French visitors. A prominent personage was the Duc de la Force, with whom the King conversed for some time.

Neyland as Fugleman.

Lord Rosebery's colours were sported in the opening race by Neyland. That horse ran well, but was defeated, and the incident some folk considered ominous for Cicero's chances. There was therefore all the more eagerness to see how his doughty antagonist, Jardy, looked, and the paddock was crowded by gallily-dressed throngs.

The general public gathered in the numerous enclosures, and right around the mile and a half of the railed course. The weather was fine, and a light breeze tempered the heat. Ascot style (frocks-coats and silk hats) was the order among the gentlemen, but the Cockney populace held high revelry in their usual style, and the scene was as lively and picturesque as any remembered on the historic Downs.

Just before the adjournment to the paddock a tragic incident occurred. Little Evans, who had lately earned great distinction as an apprentice jockey, was killed in a melee which occurred during the falling of his horse in the Juvenile Plate. When the news was communicated to the King, a sympathetic message was sent by his Majesty through Sir Stanley Clarke.

HOW THE RACE WAS RUN.

Cicero, the popular favourite, had come from the Durdians into the paddock, and paraded there led by Neyland. The stylish chesnut was greatly admired, and his admirers had several narrow escapes from his skittish heels. Jardy was very much mobbed. He looked right well and became the centre of the French circle, in which, by the way, were some of the brightest of Parisian toilettes.

"Can a horse affected with coughing win?" was still the question. Some of our Gallic visitors had no doubt on the point. Two men put down £4,000 in banknotes on Jardy's chance, and the colt was a steady 4 to 1 in the betting. The big question still remained, and in this connection Mr. Butters, well known as a trainer in Austria, informed me that he ran third with a horse named Er in the Vienna Derby—a horse which had suffered exactly like Jardy.

Jardy had not the best of luck in the draw for berths at the post, but he commenced with such

speed that Stern soon took the colt across the course towards the rails, and for the greater part of the journey he travelled like a potential winner.

It was a superb display in the circumstances, and as the French horse held command at the top of the hill, where Maher was obliged to use the whip sharply on Cicero, the situation became enthralling. Cicero lost his place at the descent, and here Silver Streak and Liao were going brilliantly. Round Tattenham Corner rushed the two orange jackets, borne respectively by Jardy and Liao. The latter cracked in the last furlong, and Jardy retained his lead.

Maher half-way up got a pretty opening for Cicero, and thence to the end displayed consummate jockeyship to earn the subsequent acclaim of the public. Lord Rosebery was congratulated by the King, and one of the first to tender his felicitations was M. Blanc.

Cicero, the victor of the day, received no greater public reception than Jardy, the hero of a most unfortunate situation. That Jardy, fit and well, is an extraordinarily good horse, is proved, and regret was heard on all sides that M. Blanc should have been, through the epidemic in his French stable, so unlucky as to lose the greatest of the season's racing prizes, both in France and England.

GREY FRIARS.

NO REST FOR SOCIETY FOLK.

Brilliant Derby Day Function at Devonshire House and Many Parties.

All Mayfair and Belgravia and a host of foreign visitors of rank and fashion attended Epsom yesterday, but after Tuesday's experience smart race toilettes were covered with cloaks, and dark silk parasols replaced those of lace and chiffon.

Those fortunate people who have stands of their own at Epsom entertained parties of friends. Mr. and Mrs. W. K. D'Arcy's is the largest perhaps, and their guests yesterday included the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe and Lady Evelyn Innes Ker, Lady De Ramsey and Miss Fellowes, Captain and Lady Evelyn Ward, Mr. Sidney Greville, and Mr. and Mrs. Sloane Stanley.

What a contrast was the next stand—the Paget. Here only men were admitted, and only occasionally a straw hat with racing or regimental colours broke the mass of black and grey. Among this party were Lord Chesterfield, Lord Sefton, Lord Cholmondeley, Lord Chelsea, Lord Buchan, Lord Durham, and Mr. Arthur James.

In the royal box were many of the King's special friends, and during the day the Duchess of Devonshire and Consuelo Duchess of Manchester had seats there, while the King paid several visits to the paddock.

Derby "Teas" Missed.

In London Derby Day is not what it was. Those "Teas," where people used to gather with the latest news of club sweeps, are the things of the past, their pleasant social custom is much missed.

But with the evening things grew more cheery. Beautiful Devonshire House was thrown open, gallily decked with flowers and brilliantly illuminated in honour of the Queen's presence at dinner, while the King entertained the Duke of Devonshire and members of the Jockey Club at Buckingham Palace. The Queen was accompanied by Prince and Princess Victoria, and among the other guests were Lady de Grey, Lady Gosford, Lady Alice Stanley, Lord Charles Montague, and Count Albert Mensdorff.

Afterwards the King came on from Buckingham Palace, and the dance began, the Duchess of Devonshire being his Majesty's partner in a royal quadrille.

Later on, some people went on to Lady Winnington's dance in Curzon-street, which was not at all crowded until late in the evening, when the guests began to come on from Devonshire House. The Duchess of Marlborough was there with Lady Blanford and her daughter, Lady Nora Spencer-Churchill, Lady Edward Murray—her daughter, and many others of the Churchill family, of which the hostess is a member. The band, flowers, supper, and dancing were perfect.

SPANISH KING'S DANGER.

Attempt Said to Have Been Made on the Young Monarch's Life in Paris.

The splendid reception of the young King of Spain in the capital of France has been marred by a rumour that an attempt has been made upon his life.

It is stated that as his Majesty was passing down the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne a man shouted an insulting epithet at him, at the same time drawing a dagger from his pocket.

The man, who was at once arrested, describes himself as secretary to the Jewellery Workers' Federation.

Paris newspapers yesterday, says Reuters, reported the arrest of an Anarchist named Casarzan, who came from Nice. He carried a long knife.

The "Journal" learns that the police are on the track of an Austrian named Verzelius.

MINISTER'S DISPATCHES STOLEN.

A courier to Mr. Lowther who is on his way to Fez at the head of the British Special Mission to the Sultan of Morocco has been held up and his dispatches have been seized and destroyed.

DUCHESS'S JEWELS STOLEN.

Clever Thieves Steal Her Grace of
Westminster's Trinkets.

£6,000 WORTH GONE.

The Duchess of Westminster is the latest victim amongst the British nobility to suffer at the hands of the expert jewel robber.

A few days ago a number of priceless articles of jewellery were missed from her Grace's room. Only on the previous evening had they been worn by the Duchess, and on her return to Grosvenor House, were deposited as usual in her room.

The next morning the Duchess found they had disappeared, and the most active enquiries have failed to afford a satisfactory explanation of their disappearance.

It is estimated that jewels to the value of over £6,000 have been stolen, and it is thought that the robbery took place whilst the door of the room was left open.

The Missing Jewels.

Appended is a list of the lost property:—

Eight brooches, one of wheatsheaf pattern with diamonds in centre, and surrounded by sixteen brilliants of one carat each.

One heart, set with eight diamonds and eight rubies, each stone weighing one-eighth carat.

One pearl necklace, strung in two rows, diamond clasp composed of ninety-nine Orient pearls of good, round shape and yellowish tint, total weight 900 grains.

One owl's head, set with brilliants and two small emeralds for the eyes.

An oval enamel cluster, with diamond flower in centre.

One or two diamond rings, with square moonstone in centre.

Small pearl, with pendant in green enamel.

One primrose shape, set with emeralds, with gilt edging of diamonds.

An old basket composed of diamonds and rubies, with pearls as flowers.

A gold safety-pin, "F. D." in diamonds.

Two military badges in enamel, one mounted as a safety-pin, the other as a brooch.

Great as is the loss, it is but a small part of the immense store of jewels the Duchess possesses.

In addition to the heirlooms of the Westminster family, including two coronets, tiaras, and priceless ropes of pearls, the Duchess numbers among her possessions some wedding presents of the greatest value.

Fortunately, however, not many of these are among the stolen jewels, but the diamond brooch enclosing a wheatsheaf, that is said to be among the plunder, was a wedding gift from the city of Chester.

TIME'S WHIRLIGIG.

Mr. Huntley Wright's Departure from Daly's
Recalls Fine Group of Artists.

Mr. Huntley Wright bade farewell to Daly's last night, and he is the last of a famous group of artists who at one time lent their lustre to that popular theatre.

These were, as he told the "Pall Mall Gazette" correspondent yesterday, Miss Marie Tempest, Miss Lyle Lind, Miss Maggie May, and Mr. Hayden Coffin, who have all gone elsewhere, and Mr. Harry Monkhouse and Miss Juliette Neville, who are dead.

Years fly quickly in the theatrical profession. It is only ten since Mr. Huntley Wright first joined Mr. George Edwardes, and scarcely more than five since the artists mentioned were playing together.

ANOTHER DECAYED TRADE.

Dickens Relic Disappears on Account of
German Competition.

Lovers of Charles Dickens should pay a visit to the old gold-beater's shop in Manette-street, Soho, the sign of which is mentioned in the "Tale of Two Cities," before it is too late.

The proprietor, Mr. Dickson, whose father opened the shop forty-five years ago, told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that the English gold-beater business has been ruined by German cheap competition.

"It is not," says Mr. Dickson, "a question merely of underselling. They supply an article which has little or no gold in it 30 per cent. cheaper than ours."

There are only about six master gold-beaters left now.

£560 FOR A CATSEYE.

A magnificent catseye of unusual size, 1699 carats, in an Indian chased gold box, realised £560 at Christie's yesterday. It was an item in the Hawkins collection of uncut precious stones; the total proceeds of the sale so far are nearly £215,000.

HISTORY IN PAGEANT.

Eight Hundred Actors Tell Our Rough
Island Story.

Strange characters from bygone ages, Danish warriors with winged helmets, hooded monks, Saxons in chain mail, and knights in armour, mingled with the crowds that poured through the quaint old streets of Sherborne yesterday afternoon. One and all were making their way to the picturesque ruins of Sherborne Castle, for the first dress rehearsal of the grand historic pageant arranged by Mr. Louis N. Parker.

The strangely-dressed characters were some of the eight hundred men and women of the district who were to portray striking incidents in the history of the ancient town.

Seldom have such gorgeous scenes been acted with so much spirit amid such beautiful surroundings. No theatrical setting could have vied with the grey, ivy-clad walls and spreading trees surrounding the green expanse upon which the pageant was presented.

Skin-clad barbarians marched to the Stone of Sacrifice laden with the spoils of the chase. To these rough hunters comes St. Ealdhelm—it is 705 A.D.—to convert them to Christianity, name the place Sherborne ("clear stream"), and found the town and school.

Sir Walter Raleigh has a jug of water thrown over him because he is smoking a pipe; and then come a maypole dance and grand pageant, in which every performer takes part. If the pageant goes as smoothly during Whitsun week it should be an unequalled success. The players with speaking parts all seemed nearly word-perfect, and spoke with commendable elegance and emphasis. Mr. Parker directed the rehearsal with a megaphone from beside the orchestra.

MURDERER AS SERVANT.

Boy's Hasty Crime Not To Be Bar to
His Future.

The Rev. Wilson Carille told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday the sad story of the murderer who is to become his manservant.

When the lad was sixteen his mother fell under the influence of a woman who was a confirmed drunkard. Very soon the mother also became a drunkard, the once happy and respectable home was broken up, and the family was reduced to penury.

One day the lad seized a poker and struck the evil genius of the home four times on the head, killing her.

Ten months later he confessed his crime, and sentence of death was passed upon him, afterwards commuted to penal servitude for life. But after serving fifteen years he was discharged.

Mr. Carille thinks that the aggravation was so terrible that some sympathy is surely due to the man who has paid the penalty of the law by spending nearly half his lifetime in prison, and he hopes to make him a useful member of the community.

BLACK FOR HOT WEATHER.

Expert's Novel Suggestion as to How to
Combat High Temperatures.

It was far hotter yesterday than it seemed. Although the sun only shone at intervals, and the thermometer readings were reassuring, London was very uncomfortable.

There was only one comfortable man in London, and he is just home from the West Coast of Africa, where the atmosphere is steam.

It seemed as if no clothing device would be effective in the humid heat of yesterday, but in view of hot weather to come, thin black underclothing is recommended by an old Indian officer, who writes in the "Pioneer" that wearing it in the hottest sun gives the feeling of working in the shade.

The ideal clothing, he says, is black with a thin white jacket over it.

Red would answer as well as the black, but black materials are as a rule cheaper.

SUNDAY OPENING OF THEATRES

The matter of the opening of London places of amusement will be discussed at an early date by the L.C.C.

Lieut.-Colonel Rotton has given notice of the following motion:—"That as the statute law and the regulations of the Council printed on licences forbid the opening of theatres and music-halls on Sunday, it be an instruction to the Theatres and Music Halls Committee to take such steps as will carry out the law and the regulation of the Council."

THOUSAND BLIND EXCURSIONISTS.

A unique excursion party of over one thousand blind people left Glasgow yesterday on board the steamer Benmore, to visit Knockerry Castle Cove, under the direction of the Mission to the Outdoor Blind.

WORRIED TO DEATH BY WEALTH.

Pathetic Fate of Sandwichman Heir
to a Million.

TOO EXCITED TO LIVE.

Mammon has played a cruel trick on poor old Richard Roberts, the seventy-two-year-old sandwichman of Durham, who last week learned that he was the long-sought heir to a fortune of a million pounds.

Within seven days of hearing for a certainty that he was a millionaire, and had no further need to carry his boards to eke out the little allowance that the parish allowed himself and his wife, Roberts has been snatched from his wealth by the hand of death.

He was found dead in his bed yesterday, and his friends said: "He has been killed by a million pounds."

The trustees of the estate of his uncle, a Malvern tailor, who died twelve years ago, being then ninety-four years of age, searched and searched for the heir to the property. While they searched interest and rents accumulated.

The Heir Found.

Finally their searchings were rewarded. They found the old sandwichman living in a tiny cottage at Framwell Gate Bridge, Durham, and they were satisfied that he was the man they sought.

Before he became a sandwichman he had been a collier, but all his life he had had to work very hard for very little.

It was difficult for such a man to realise "one million pounds." When the words were spoken to him he stared, open-mouthed. It was a long time before he could be made to understand what it all meant.

Then amazed excitement took hold of the old man, and he lived in a joy-maddened dream till death brought him peace of mind once more.

He was taken to Ledbury, his native place, in Worcestershire, in order that his claim might be fully substantiated. He was so excited that he insisted on going to the station an hour and a half before the train started.

A curious circumstance put the fact that he was heir beyond all doubt. His name was misspelt "Richard." The man sought was "Richard." This had been the clue on which the seekers worked.

Begging Letters.

When he got back to his home the unfortunate fortunate sandwichman found hundreds of letters, begging from him and congratulating him, coming to his little cottage every day.

Thus his frenzy of millionaireism was fanned. He demanded to see some of the money, and money was placed to his credit in a bank.

He could not eat; he could not sleep. He could not even smoke his favourite sandwichman's "cutty" pipe.

And then he was found dead. His fortune had killed him—and eluded him.

His widow and his two step-daughters now succeed to the doubtful benefits conferred by sudden and unexpected wealth.

PENITENT ASSASSIN

Writes a Strange Letter from His Cell
to Dying Victim.

Sentence of death was passed at the Old Bailey yesterday on Alfred John Heal, aged twenty-one, a gasfitter, who murdered his sweetheart, Ellen Maria Godspeed, at the house of his parents at Camberwell.

He alleged that she was unfaithful to him, and whilst he was under arrest and she was on her death-bed, he sent her the following letter:—"Dear Nell.—Just a few lines to let you know I am sorry for what I have done. Nell, it is all over last Sunday week night. I found you had had a child. You told me all along you didn't have one. I didn't know what to do when I found it out. The police have found it out as well. Nell, I forgive you for that now. Nell, I will always stop by your side if you wish it. If you do not want anything more to do with me, I will rest my mind content. Nell, don't press the charge, for my sake."

The allegation of the young man was proved to be quite unfounded, and Justice Grantham, in passing the dread sentence, said it was beyond him to understand why he murdered the girl.

HEAVY SENTENCE ON WOMAN.

Of masculine appearance and apparently a woman of superior education, Elizabeth Ann Tatham Barker was found guilty of obtaining money by false pretences as to her interests under a will.

The Judge, on being told of previous convictions, passed upon her the unusual sentence of two years with hard labour.

GRAVE ARMY SCANDAL.

Incredible Revelations Expected in Sir
Wm. Butler's "Stores" Report.

Sir William Butler's uncompromising report on the contract scandals in connection with the South African war is still withheld from the public, though printed copies marked "Private and confidential" are in the hands of the Public Accounts Committee of the House of Commons.

But a correspondent of the "Times" declares that the report and evidence are of a most sensational character. The report deals in detail with only six or seven cases, but the disposal of war stores said to involve goods which cost between £38,000,000 and £7,000,000.

As already announced in the *Daily Mirror*, two colonels of the Army Service Corps and a number of junior officers have already been suspended. The "Times" correspondent states that it is understood some officers in the audit and pay department will also be suspended.

The state of affairs revealed is almost incredibly scandalous. When the war was over no effort was made to commute purchases and transport charters so as to cause the public a minimum of loss.

ACCUSATION BRINGS DEATH.

Accused Man Takes Poison To Avoid Expense
of Defending Himself.

A touching letter to his wife was left by James Champion, a caretaker employed by the L.C.C. at Durham Buildings, York-road, Battersea.

In consequence of a charge of assaulting the wife of a tenant, he poisoned himself with a dose of carbolic acid, unparalleled, said the coroner, in his experience.

The letter ran:—

"Dear Eliza—loving wife, I am charged with a crime I have never done. I cannot face it. We have had some good friends around us, but what is the good of that without money?"

"If I go up and am sent for trial, that means bail and counsel. What am I to do? They have broken up a happy home. God bless you.—From your loving husband, J. Champion."

"P.S.—Kiss the children for me and tell them to forget. I have been a good father, as you know, but this job has finished me. God bless you all. Verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity."

PEER'S SON'S WIFE

Tells Pitiful Story of Trouble in Her
Married Life.

The hearing of the charge against the Hon. Charles Joseph Blake, eldest son of Lord Wallace, of using violent threats against his wife, was resumed at the South-Western Police Court yesterday, and a remand ordered.

Mrs. Blake, tall and ladylike, related how she separated from her husband because of his conduct and took a shop as a tobacconist in the Lower Richmond-road, Putney.

She lived again with her husband on his promise to reform, but he, taking to drinking, behaved worse than ever, subjecting her to indignities and positive brutality.

A working man and who had been called to assist Mrs. Blake and protect her from her husband's violence, said she once threatened to throw him (witness) out of a window, and challenged him to fight.

Mr. Bell: How often have you been called to protect her?—Oh, nearly every day during the past three weeks.

MARRIED BY TREACHERY.

Tale of a Widow Who Married Without
Waiting Her Husband's Conversion.

The wife of Rudrick Ross, of Brockley, told the Greenwich magistrates yesterday a rather remarkable story in support of her proceedings against her spouse for assault.

For five-and-a-half years she had been married to him, she said, but she had been induced to marry him—she being a widow—through treachery.

Mr. Baggeley: What treachery? Witness said she met Ross abroad, and when he proposed marriage she refused at first on account of the disparity in their ages. She refused to marry Ross unless he became a Christian.

Mr. Baggeley: You married him without waiting for his conversion, and you must take him as you find him.

The case was adjourned.

MISSED THE DERBY.

Charles Stroud, showman, charged with drunken and disorderly conduct at Kingston and fined 5s. "Will you allow me to go to Epsom and get the money?"

The Mayor: No. You should have thought of that before.

Ireland's oldest solicitor, Mr. Robert C. Ballymena, died yesterday in County Antrim. He was admitted to the Law in 1849.

CARGO OF PIGMIES.

Strange Ape-like People Arrive in
London To-day.

OLD AT THIRTY-FIVE.

Six of the strangest people in the world will arrive in London to-day on board the ss. *Orestes*. Colonel Harrison found them in Central Africa. Until a few months ago they had never seen a white man.

The *Daily Mirror* had the opportunity of seeing the pigmies on board the *Orestes* off Portland Bill.

A swarthy Arab, who is charged with guarding them, pulled aside a curtain leading into the deck-house. Within, sitting about on the straw with which the floor was strewn, were the pigmies—four men and two women. They wore warm woollen jerseys, with ulsters, but feet and legs were bare.

Their language consists of strange clicking sounds, and even their interpreter can only understand in part what they say.

Ape-like Men.

He spoke a word or two, and motioned to the doorway. Obviously the pigmies rose and filed out on to the deck. In appearance they are apelike in the extreme, with copper-coloured faces, woolly hair, spreading noses, and great gashes for mouths. In height they range from about 3ft. to 4ft. 6in.

As they stood along the sunlit deck the Arab pointed out each one.

"That," he said, pointing to the tiniest of the small people, is Mongongo, the boy. He is eighteen, but in his country he is a man, for thirty-five is old age. Next to him is Mangani. He is the tallest of all."

Mangani in appearance is forty years of age. He has a beard sprouting in places from his face, and his woolly locks are growing thin. In reality he is not yet thirty.

"Standing close to Mangani," continued the Arab, "is Mafoti Mengi. He is the handsome one." Handsome is a relative term. The Central African beard in England would be accounted incredibly ugly. "That one, Mattoka, is very timid," continued the Arab cicerone, pointing out a little man with frightened, dog-like eyes. "He is frightened at the giants he sees," continued the dusky guardian.

The Arab stepped forward. "These are the ladies," he said, touching two small slighter forms. "This is Marobi. She is very, very old. She is thirty-nine. This is Gooriggi, the beautiful. She is one of the wives of a chief and a great lady."

"THE COUNTRY-SIDE"

Number Three of Mr. E. Kay Robinson's
New Nature Paper.

No lover of outdoor life and beauty should miss the third number of "The Country-Side"—Mr. E. Kay Robinson's new Nature paper, which is ready to-day.

In a series of articles by the most popular writers on natural history, many new and surprising aspects of the wild life of the birds and beasts and insects of our woods and meadows are presented to the reader, while the photographs of flowers, wild life, and country scenery, with which the number is profusely illustrated, are certain to evoke expressions of admiration.

"The Country-Side" is quite unique among weekly papers. It brings a new world of delight and interest to the notice of the man or woman who has hitherto failed to see the many wondrous things that surround them on a country walk or a seaside ramble; while to the naturalist—whatever his special subject of study—the paper is indispensable, giving as it does the latest and most up-to-date information upon every subject within its scope.

UNDER THE LAW'S NOSE.

Solicitor's Impedimenta Stolen During a Case
in the Law Courts.

It would seem that even the Law Courts are not immune from depredations, according to the evidence given at Bow-street yesterday.

Albert Christopher Kearne, thirty-five, said to be an ex-detective inspector of the Indian police, living at St. Paul's-road, Highbury, was charged before Mr. Marshall with theft.

On May 23, Mr. Hamilton Fulton, a solicitor, of Old Jewry, left his overcoat, hat, and umbrellas in a book-case in Court II, King's Bench Division, where Mr. Justice Darling was hearing "The Gibson Girl" case, and on going to fetch them later in the day he found they had all disappeared.

Kearne was arrested by a detective who was put on duty in consequence of numerous thefts at the Law Courts. He was remanded.

Shardlow (Leicestershire) workhouse-master attributes the large increase in the number of tramps now visiting the casual wards of that institution to the fact that the Militia are being called up.

PENALTY FOR PAUPER.

Pauper Has No Right to
Damages for Broken Leg.

The question whether a pauper employed at a union can claim damages in a court of law came before Judge Smyly, K.C., at Bow County Court yesterday in the case of a man who had been in the West Ham Union, but who now claimed £100 damages for injuries received (resulting in the loss of a leg) whilst at work at the infirmary of the workhouse.

His Honour said he could not see personally why a pauper should lose all his civil rights; he knew he lost his vote. If a person, for instance, was sitting at a workhouse window and got hit in the eye by a stone from a catapult, he certainly was entitled to recover damages for the injury, but in this case the evidence went to show that the plaintiff was in "common employment," and under those circumstances he could not legally recover.

The action was to recover £100, and had it not been for the difficulty of the common employment he would have assessed the damages at the amount claimed. He therefore gave judgment for the defendants without costs.

DEVEREUX AS SCIENTIST.

Lectured on "Röntgen Rays" and Was Fond
of Watching Cricket.

Curious incidents are related of the life of Devereux, the accused in the trunk murder mystery, while at Malvern.

He was looked on there as a most exemplary character, and frequently gave lectures at the parish church institute.

Once also he lectured in a well-known preparatory school on "Röntgen Rays." These lectures showed great ability and a thorough grasp of his subject.

He used to spend many afternoons on the playing-grounds, watching boys' cricket matches with lively interest.

By the vicar he was looked on as a thoroughly sound and upright man.

"CHEAP LAW."

Magistrate Objects to Giving Free Advice to
Well-To-Do Applicants.

A gentleman applied to Mr. Lane, K.C., for advice yesterday respecting the conduct of a servant in his house. She had been given notice to leave his service, and she refused to go out of the house. He wanted to know if he could forcibly eject her.

In answer to the magistrate the applicant said he was a lieutenant in the Army.

Mr. Lane: Well, really, you must pardon me if I say you have no right to free advice. Magistrates are very willing to give advice to poor people, but a gentleman in your position should go to his lawyers.

Applicant: I have been to my lawyer, and his advice was exactly contrary to what a magistrate gave to the servant herself.

Mr. Lane: Well, I must leave you to follow his advice.

LOST HONEYMOON COUPONS.

Swiss Bridegroom Robbed of Tickets While
on His Wedding Tour.

An associate of the notorious forger, Barmash, who committed suicide at the Old Bailey, was yesterday sentenced to seven years' penal servitude at the Old Bailey.

The man was Maurice Robin, alias Robinowitz, and he was charged with being in possession of coupons stolen outside the United Kingdom.

The coupons were the property of a young Swiss process-server, who carried them with him to Genoa on his honeymoon trip. They were either lost or stolen at a crowded flower fête.

GIVEN FREE

"Monthly Playbox"

PRINTED IN COLOURS
FOR THE LITTLE ONES

With every Copy of the June

"WORLD &
HIS WIFE."

6d. Now on Sale. 6d.

CLAIRVOYANT.

Sybil Who Prophesied Trouble in Married Life.

SINGULAR CASE.

A curious divorce case, in which a clairvoyant figured prominently, was concluded before Mr. Justice Baggave Deane yesterday.

The petitioner was Mr. Arthur Frederick Jenkins, who was married in 1892 at Clapham parish church, and he alleged that his wife, Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Jenkins, had been unduly familiar with a young man named Herbert Wild, a relation by marriage.

Mrs. Jenkins was the first witness yesterday, and began her evidence with the statement that her husband was unreasonably jealous of the gentlemen staying at their Margate boarding-house.

Among these was Mr. Wild, who suffered so terribly from varicose veins as to necessitate the use of sixteen yards of bandaging, which she sometimes rolled up for him.

Sometimes she had taken his breakfast to him while he was in bed, but the door was never closed.

Counsel: Did Mr. Wild ever kiss you?—Yes, and other members of the family as well.

And his brother?—Yes, he kissed me also. Did your husband make any remark about that?—Oh, no.

Mrs. Jenkins added that she and Mr. Wild were no more than friends. He had never even encircled her waist with his arm.

"Cold Shivers Down the Back."

Counsel: Did you go to see Mrs. Bream, the clairvoyant?—Yes, and she told me there was going to be trouble with a dark, handsome man with a black moustache. (Laughter.)

What did she say?—She told me that he would fall in love with me, and would try to separate me from my husband; also, that I would not listen to him, and that he would drop a note in front of my husband, who would pick it up and would cause serious trouble.

Did she tell you what the trouble would be?—She said that it would probably end in the Divorce Court, and that when I saw the young man cold shivers would run down my back. (Laughter.)

Has the young man turned up?—I have not seen him so far. (Laughter.)

Has Mr. Wild got a black moustache?—No, he is fair.

Mrs. Jenkins denied that she had at any time been guilty of misconduct with Mr. Wild.

Cross-examined as to her treatment of her husband, Mrs. Jenkins admitted that she had once refused to go to the theatre with him.

"He had his football clothes on, and his moustache shaved off," she declared dramatically, "and certainly I refused to go to the theatre with him in that costume." (Laughter.)

Mr. Wild also denied misconduct, and the petition was dismissed, with costs.

STEVENSON IN FORM.

Roberts Meets with Continual Bad Luck, and Is Outplayed.

Notwithstanding the hundred and one counter-attractions prevailing at this time of the year, public interest does not wane concerning the great billiard match at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, which is now nearing its end. Every available seat and even standing room was requisitioned at the resumption of play yesterday afternoon the scores then standing at—Stevenson, 11,961; Roberts, 11,762.

As matters shaped themselves, Stevenson gave a showing that was most flattering to his supporters. Now that a more impartial feeling is being displayed by the spectators, the younger man is fast coming to the form he was expected to figure in, but which has been so conspicuously absent up to this point. His lead of 109 at the outset was swelled by telling moves of 94, 131, 97, and 75, the while Roberts, who kept giving safety-miss after safety-miss, could do nothing better than 44.

Stevenson's control of the balls between the two pockets was really wonderful to see. He knocked the points out of the balls there at a tremendous pace. Before the veteran got going in earnest the leader sent up another fine break of 161. Then Roberts, to the delight of the crowded house, compiled characteristic runs of 102 and 103 in successive visits to the table. But he stuck fast again afterwards amid a persistent and lengthy exchange of safety-misses and double-baulks.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Three hundred is the number of unemployed estimated by Mr. James Bardsley, their chairman, as being likely to turn out from Salford on Saturday for the tramp to London.

To-day is the twenty-sixth anniversary of the death of the Prince Imperial, who was killed in the Zulu war.

Great Yarmouth Piscatorial Society's report shows that 12,000 lb. of fish were caught in matches last season. The largest pike scaled 194 lb.

By the will of the late Mrs. A. M. Unite, of Bromsgrove, Worcester, the Birmingham and Midland Hospital for Women benefits to the extent of £20,000.

Owing to the paucity of subalterns in Militia units, many officers are undergoing training in two or three corps, volunteering for others when their own period of service terminates.

No evidence was given at the Old Bailey yesterday in the case of Benjamin Webster, indicted for manslaughter arising out of the Stratford Market railway accident, and the accused was discharged.

Lieutenant W. R. D. Crowther, of H.M.S. Thames, was cycling in King's-road, Southwark, when his machine skidded on the greasy asphalt and he was hurled through the window of a tobacconist's shop. Beyond a small flesh wound the officer escaped injury.

Thirteen thousand passengers crossed the new transporter bridge between Widnes and Runcorn on the first day it was opened this week.

Mr. M. G. Evans, J.P., of Caerphilly, who died worth £15,118, stipulated in his will that his funeral should be "conducted in an economical manner and without show."

One hundred and fifty Wandsworth medical practitioners have passed a resolution declining to give in future any informal assistance if asked to do so within the south-western corner's district.

Under the impression that the enterprise can be made to pay, the Barrow-on-Sea (Leicestershire) Board of Guardians have purchased enough land on which to grow all the potatoes needed at their workhouse.

AFRICAN PIGMIES ARRIVE IN ENGLAND TO-DAY.



The pigmies brought from the Stanley Forest in Central Africa by Colonel Harrison arrive at the Royal Albert Docks early this morning. They are full-grown, and vary from 3 ft. 8 in. to 4 ft. 6 in. In height. Our photograph, showing them with their interpreter, was taken on board the ss. Orestes, in mid-Channel.

All that was found in the possession of Pelham Knight, gravedigger, at Reigate Cemetery, whose dead body was discovered in sixteen inches of water in a pond on Earlswood Common, Redhill, was a burial-service form.

In celebration of his golden wedding a bell-ringer named Sleddon, of Whalley, Lancs., rang 720 changes on the tenor bell in the presence of a large company. Considering that Sleddon is seventy-six the feat is remarkable.

Lady Rashleigh yesterday laid the foundation-stone of the new regimental cottage homes for the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry at Bodmin. Corporals Brewer and Cooper, who were both injured in the farnwall charge at Paardeberg, will be the first occupants.

How an aged couple named Poof kept body and soul together on 8s. 6d. per week was revealed at an inquest in Spitalfields yesterday. Some kind friend had paid their rent, but at sixty-nine death had released the husband, a hawker, from further struggle against poverty.

Joneses dominate Llanrhaidia, in Denbighshire. At the local police court Supt. Jones summoned Edward Jones for drunkenness; John Lloyd Jones gave evidence for the prosecution; Thomas Jones and David Jones contradicted him for the defence, and the defendant also entered the box. Yet Edward had to pay 16s.

There will be no sitting at the Law Courts during the Whitsun vacation. Mr. Justice Warrington will act as Vacation Judge from June 10 to 19.

Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, who have been staying for the last three months with Queen Alexandra, and travelled back with her Majesty on Saturday, left Charing Cross by the boat train yesterday en route for Copenhagen.

On the tramway line at High-street, Acton, Edward French, a labourer, dropped a fog signal. When a car passed over it there was a loud explosion and several lady passengers were terrified. Yesterday French was fined 20s. at Acton for amusing himself in this fashion.

By the fall of a straw stack on Mr. H. D. Taylor's farm at Hales, near Haverhill (Suffolk), a hen was buried. To the great surprise of the men engaged in carting away the straw the bird has been found alive, twenty-seven days after she was imprisoned. She was sitting on an egg, and has since quite recovered.

Considerable interest attached to the burial of the elephant which had to be shot after causing so much excitement at a circus in Bakewell last week. An enormous grave, twelve feet in depth, was prepared in a field, and into this cavity, with a large quantity of quicklime to hasten decomposition, the carcass was dropped.

REPUBLIC'S SHOW OF HONESTY.

Creditors Deplore Public Sentiment in Argentina.

RISE IN KAFFIRS.

CAPEL COURT, Wednesday Evening.—There still seemed at first to be uncertainty about the Kaffir market. The opening on the Stock Exchange was very different from the close in the Street yesterday evening. For instance, Modderfonteins which had been 94 overnight, were taken up again to 100, Chartered were bid for at over 2, and Goldfields at 7 1-16 instead of below 7. But then came stories of more liquidation, said to be on Paris account. Were this true, of course, it might be awkward, for genuine Paris selling would be real selling of shares.

But possibly the sales may have been put through Paris on London account. Anyway, before the close, the market showed some decided disposition to pull itself together again, and though the outcome of the settlement remains interesting, there were confident assertions that there were no remaining difficulties.

Apart from this Kaffir business, there were not, perhaps, many features to note. Westralians were dull, notably Horseshoes. But a few minor shares were better, like Hannan's Stars at 9s. Oroya Brownhills were helped by yesterday's 4s. dividend. In West Africans there was, perhaps, a better tendency. Olfin Rivers being wanted. Elsewhere, speculations were going on at 15s. dividend. Camp Birds were firm at 35s. 6d. on the 2s. 6d. dividend.

DERBY DAY DULLNESS.

Just as the Kaffir market at the opening got over the overnight scare, so did the rest of the markets, and as it was Derby day it is of little use, crumpling about business. The absurd rumours about the Tsar proved unfounded, and though there was still talk of forced liquidation and difficulty in connection with certain accounts the feeling was better. Consols improved considerably on the overnight sett quotation, and they closed 91 5-16 for the account on money prospects, for the big addition of over a quarter of a million to the Bank of England's gold stock will be followed by more next week.

Everybody wanted to see what New York was likely to do after its Decoration Day's holiday. So, though prices were kept fairly firm, there was very little disposition to do business. New York did not at first seem disposed to quite accept the level. No doubt this was in part due to the stories of accounts still requiring liquidation. But though the market remained quiet, there was a better feeling at the finish, though with no particular features.

At the Santa Fé bondholders' meeting yesterday Mr. Boulter had deplored the lack of public sentiment in Argentina in favour of honestly dealing with creditors. But it did not have any influence on Argentine securities.

RUSSIAN BONDS FIRM.

That there was not much seriously amiss with Foreigners was perhaps most clearly seen in the relative firmness of Russian bonds. The close was satisfactory enough. Japanese bonds were quite good. The war news proved, of course, even better again, and the very sanguine gamblers talk glibly about M. Takahashi's suggestion of an early loan to redeem existing securities, and to make an issue at a lower rate of interest. They say, of course, that this means an early buying out of existing securities. The new scrip is firmer at 24 premium.

The Central American gamble continues as a result of the little show of honesty by Costa Rica, but it is early yet to regard the scheme as carried, inasmuch as it has to be approved, not only by the committee of the bondholders here, but by the Costa Rica Congress.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The "Daily Mirror" will be happy to reply to its readers as to the merits of stocks and shares. It will furnish names of brokers, members of the leading exchanges, for investment purposes only. It will be obliged if readers will forward all touting, outside brokers', and bucket-shop circulars, invitations to subscribe, and other forms of pernicious financial literature that may be in circulation.

CHARLES COVENTRY AND CO. (Kangaroo): We certainly advise you to have nothing to do with the firm in question. They are London bucket-shop keepers. TWO SHARPS' (E.): We regret to be able to find no information about them in the market, where no price is quoted. Possibly if you told us how they came to be acquired we might help you.—FOURS (Circulation): Johannesburg at 99s. Grand Trunk Pacific Guaranteed Mortgage bonds 104s.—INDUSTRIAL (H.E.): Not satisfactory. The shares enjoy no market here. Communicate with the secretary again by registered letter, and let us know the result of your inquiries.

"DAILY MIRROR" HOLIDAY RESORT GUIDE

ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

Price 3d.

BUY A COPY NOW.

TELLS WHERE TO GO.

HOW TO GET THERE.

WHERE TO STOP.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are at 12, WHITEFRIARS STREET, LONDON, E.C.

TELEPHONES: 1310 and 2190 Holborn.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflected," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Talbott.

CIGAR BANDS

FOR DECORATIVE PURPOSES.

CIGAR BANDS

Every person interested in this Noble should send 4 Stamps for my Booklet of Samples, which contains 60 full different, and select your own design.

CIGAR BANDS

E. ROE, CIGAR MERCHANT, SLOUGH.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, JUNE 1 1905.

THE SPORTING INTEREST.

IF an intelligent foreign observer who did not know us very well were asked, "What have been the chief interests of the English people this week?" he would reply, "The Derby, the Test match, and the billiard championship."

These are, it is true, the subjects on which the talk of most Englishmen has turned. They take a sentimental interest in the Derby. It has gone on so long. It brings back memories of college days, school days, perhaps even nursery days. In the Test match they take a patriotic interest. The billiard championship attracts them because of its human interest—a veteran defending his position against a younger man.

But it would be a mistake to suppose, because these three contests have been much discussed, that they really occupy the national mind so much as an intelligent foreigner might think. They are merely leisure-hour topics, something to think about after work is done.

The objection that they are trifles, and that they prevent matters of serious importance being thought about, has something in it. But whose fault is that? Why, the fault of our out-of-date politicians, who have turned "matters of serious importance" into a mere game. The nation would just as soon take an interest—even if it were only a sporting interest—in politics as in the Derby. But the present state of affairs at Westminster effectually prevents that.

THE MAN-WOMAN.

There is an interesting, though ill-written, article in the "Contemporary" this month on American women who have married titled Englishmen. The writer heartily dislikes them, and his attack seems to be meant as a warning. He certainly brings out some curious facts. For instance:—

Since 1840 thirty peers or eldest sons of peers have married in the United States. Of these thirteen have no children at all, five have no son, and five have an only son. . . . At the present moment only one peeress born in the United States has a large family. She has six children, but this is the exception which proves the rule.

The lower ranks of the aristocracy fare no better.

Of Americans who are the wives of Englishmen with a country title or baronetcy there are forty-four. Of these, seventeen, or nearly half, have no children, and eight have only one child.

As to the reason of this striking tendency the writer of the article is silent. Yet it is not far to seek. It lies in the fact that so many American women have lost the attributes of womanhood. The ordinary lot of their sex is not enough for them. They fancy they are made to be something more than "mere women." They become "men-women."

They submit to no restraints. They pit themselves against men on every ground, intellectual as well as social, both in business and in sport. They lose the tender, delicate qualities of their own sex, and, of course, they fail utterly to reap anything but disappointment and ridicule from their efforts to acquire those of the other. They become sexless, in short, with the natural consequences set forth in this article.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

When a man loses his head it generally takes him some time to find it. Woman, more dexterous, catches it on the rebound.—*John Oliver Hobbes.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

KING EDWARD seems to be more enthusiastic about racing than ever this season. He went to Newmarket very soon after his return from the Continent, to Epsom on Tuesday, and yesterday he was one of the most interested spectators of the Derby. The Queen, on the other hand, was not there, and will not go to Epsom at all during the present meeting. Her taste for the racecourse, never very pronounced, has now almost entirely vanished.

The King has always been interested in watching people and in strange faces. He likes to have some one near him who can tell him who everybody is. I heard an amusing story about this unfulfilling interest which the King takes in his subjects. He was looking at a showy person who was attracting a good deal of attention at one of the race meetings. "Do you know that man?" he asked of a blunt, outspoken admiral who stood by him. "Yes, sir. What do you think of him?" "I think he is a boulder." "Dear me," said the

connected with "popery" would be reassured if they knew anything personally of the new Junior Lord of the Treasury. Lord Edmund is the mildest of men, whose devotion to his Church is simple and straightforward, with nothing Jesuitical about it. He was a close friend of the late Cardinal Vaughan, and the latter spent many peaceful days with Lord and Lady Edmund at Derwent Hall, just before his death. I heard of a rather fanatically convinced Anglican who went down there on business. He expected to find an air of gunpowder plots about the place, but he was greeted so frankly and kindly that he is now enthusiastic about Catholics in general.

The days of religious fanaticism, so people say, are over. One is a little doubtful about that. I heard from Sir Henry Howorth some time ago an amusing story which illustrates the terror inspired by certain polemical names. He was examining some curious work on the altar in a provincial church. A verger, probably in quest of shillings, came up to him and told him he must not do so. Sir Henry wanted to be left in peace. "Do you know who I am?" he said. The verger stared.

KING ALFONSO IN PARIS.



The young King of Spain met with an enthusiastic reception in Paris. The photograph was taken as King Alfonso, in the uniform of a Spanish General, drove with President Loubet from the railway station to the Quai d'Orsay, where he is staying.

King, laughing, "I have just made him a member of the Victorian Order." "Serves him right, sir," said the admiral. His Majesty did not quite like it, but he smiled.

Mr. James W. Lowther's name is constantly mentioned in connection with any important position which may happen to be vacant. Was it not whispered that he was to succeed Lord Milner? And now he is mentioned once more as a probable successor to Mr. Gully in the Speakership. His management of the House would be dignified, and, above all, quiet. To show how he hates noise I may recall how, one day when Mr. Synan, of the stentorian voice, rose to speak, Mr. Lowther was seen hurrying away. "Where are you going?" shouted an Irish member. "To hear Synan on the Terrace," was the reply.

If Mr. Lowther be appointed Speaker it will be curious to see in what strange way the French papers will announce the event. Humorists must always delight in French spelling of our barbarous names. On the last occasion when Mr. Lowther came prominently before the world, the "Messager de Bruxelles" appeared with the startling announcement which follows:—"The 'Daily Post,' which appears at Liverpool, affirms that Sir Lobster is to succeed Milord Milner as Governor-General of Africa."

Any worthy natives of Chichester who fear that Lord Edmund Talbot's name must necessarily be

"I am Mr. Kensit," said Sir Henry with a due distinctness. Without a word, without a glance, the verger turned and fled out of the church!

Captain Clive Bigham, who is to be the Liberal candidate for the Windsor Division, has had a career full of curious adventures, although he is only thirty-three. He was in China, particularly, during the Boxer rebellion, and witnessed what Pierre Loti called the "last days of Peking." He is married to the pretty daughter of the late Sir Horace Seymour. Captain Bigham is the son of Mr. Justice Bigham, the most pessimistic of our Judges, who is fond of comparing his life in court with that of a prisoner in gaol. He still seems to enjoy, however, saying "We shall see!" to trembling witnesses who generally "see" something most unpleasant if they displease him. Mr. Justice Bigham at the Bar was quite as outspoken as he is now on the Bench. When an unpunctual Judge complained that he had waited five minutes for him the young lawyer boldly replied: "My lord I have waited five times as long for you."

Two very interesting paragraphs in this week's "World" confirm the statement made in the *Daily Mirror* weeks ago concerning the probable bride of the young King of Spain. The "World" states, in fact, that from the day, months past, when the King was shown a photograph of the Princess Patricia of Connaught he determined to make the acquaintance of the original; that he carries the photograph constantly about with him in his breast-pocket, and has fallen "head over ears" in love with it.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

WHICH IS THE EXTRAVAGANT SEX?

Florence Farndale uses the usual womanly argument. "Women may spend a lot on dress, but they are careful in small things."

Quite so. A woman will take an omnibus instead of a cab and save eleventhings; and on the strength of that saving she will pay £2 more for a dress than she meant to!

It is the big expenses that really matter. Men keep them down and don't bother about the small ones. They are not really extravagant; women are.

TRUE ECONOMY.

Stratton-street, W.

HARDEST WORKED OF ALL.

I was sorry the Sunday Closing of Public-Houses Bill was not passed—not because I am a teetotaler, but because I know something of the "sweating" practised by publicans upon their employees.

Many of the latter have to work from 7 a.m. to 1 a.m., with only two hours off. Every other Sunday they are free from 3.30 p.m. till 8 p.m., but they get no more than one full holiday a month.

They certainly deserve sympathy and effectual help.

EAST END CURATE.

Canning Town, E.

THE MOTOR-CAR AND THE LAW.

In your issue of yesterday's date you notice my fine of £3 and costs for exceeding the speed limit under the heading of "Reckless Driving." Under the same heading you mention that Lord Willoughby de Broke is a vice-president of the Highways' Protection League.

Quite recently this nobleman was summoned before the Leamington Bench for driving a coach and four horses to the common danger, having disregarded a policeman's signal to stop, and forced the policeman and a baker's cart to seek safety on the footpath. As his lordship was driving a coach and not a motor-car the summons was dismissed.

Truly one man can rob an orchard while another may not look over the wall.

The Tower, Ascot. LEYCESTER BARWELL.

LATE COMERS AT THE THEATRE.

I was greatly interested in this correspondence. May I suggest the adoption of some of the systems in vogue in all American theatres.

Late-comers are compelled to remain waiting until the curtain is rung down at the end of the act. Ushers will not seat them.

Ladies in all parts of the theatre are compelled by law to remove their hats during the performance.

At a recent play at a West End theatre I sat behind a lady wearing a very large hat, and she refused the request of some half-dozen people to remove it.

Proprietors of London theatres could lend material aid in overcoming these nuisances by posting conspicuous notices requesting ladies to remove their hats.

J. REDLA.

Streatham, S.W.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. Speaker Gully.

WHEN first he became Speaker almost everyone was surprised. The question: "Who is Mr. Gully?" was asked in all seriousness. Now he is retiring everyone is sorry, for during the ten years he has held his arduous post he has proved himself the right man in the right place.

And an exceedingly difficult place it is. Mr. Speaker has to be the most patient person alive, and able to endure an amount of boredom which would give anyone else melancholia, for whoever rises to speak in the House of Commons, Mr. Speaker must not only be present but watchfully attentive.

It is only Mr. Gully's extraordinary good nature, and the steadfast thoroughness with which he applied himself to the task, which has made the post possible for him.

When he was first elected he knew little of the procedure and rules of the House. Now he is a master. During the sessions he has lived a life of ascetic self-denial that he may be the fitter for his work, his food being of the plainest, and wine quite abandoned. The result is a clear, ruddy complexion and a springing walk at over seventy, which would not disgrace a man twenty years his junior.

As Speaker he ranks as the First Commoner of England, and it will be quite within precedent for him to receive a title and a pension of £4,000 now that he retires.

IN MY GARDEN.

MAY 31.—It is interesting to compare the different dates on which roses have appeared in various parts of the country. More than a month back I picked a bowlful of the Gloire de Dijon in my Isle of Wight garden. A correspondent states that this rose began to bloom a week ago in Yorkshire. Yet in my garden (within fifty miles of London) roses are only just opening their buds.

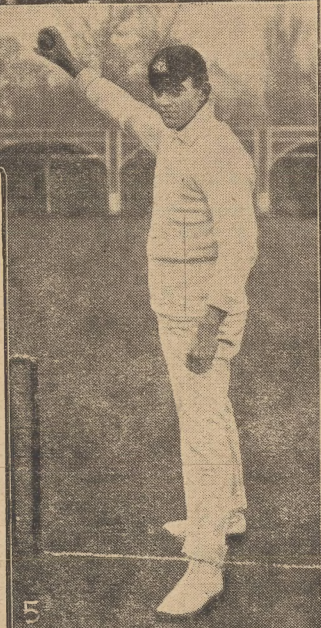
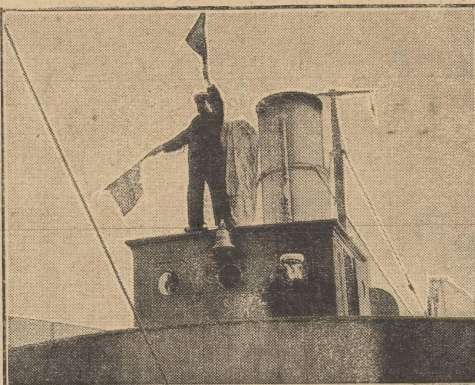
It is not so much a question of north and south, as one of the amount of protection (whether it be trees or hills) a garden has. In what does it matter? Sheltered gardens may have early roses, yet are not dahdolls over all too soon there.

E. F. T.

THE FIRST TEST MATCH: photographed by "MIRROR" Cameras



FINISH OF OCEAN YACHT RACE.



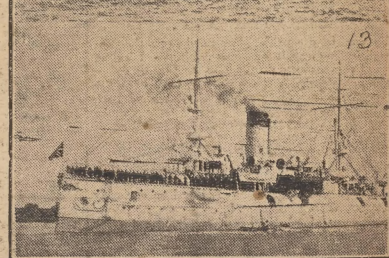
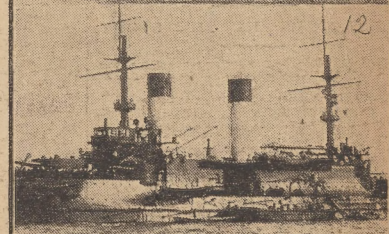
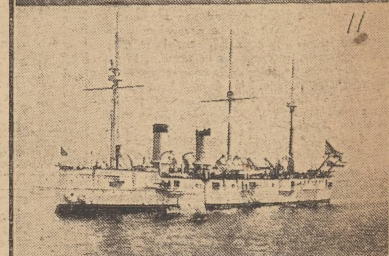
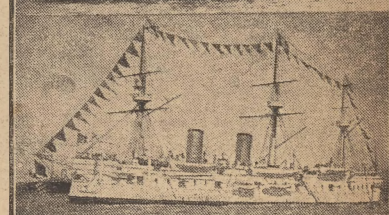
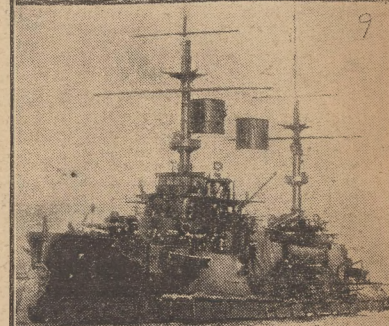
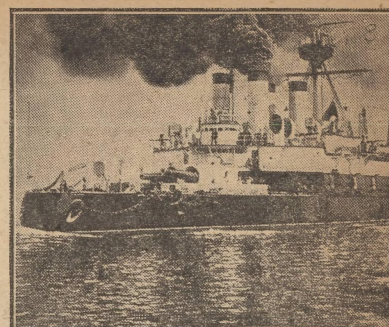
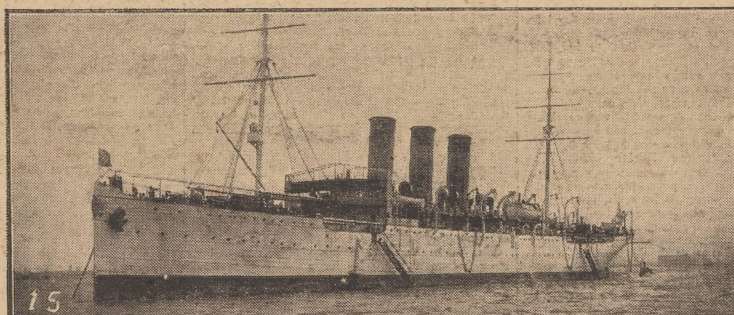
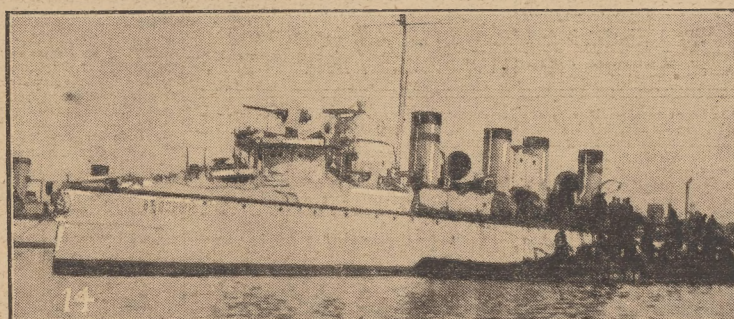
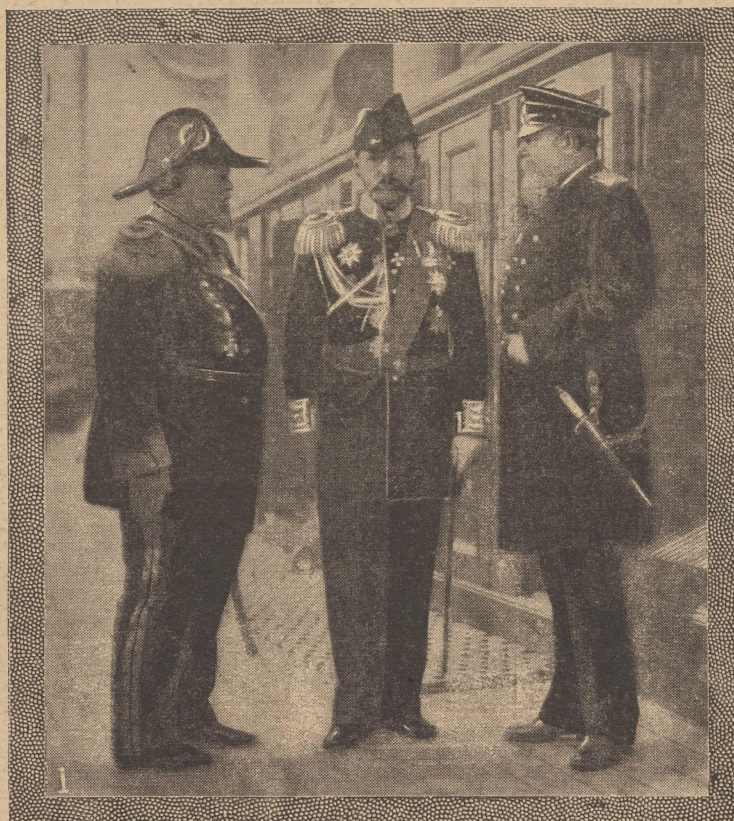
The Australians led on the first innings by 25 runs, but on the second England, owing to fine scores by Hayward, MacLaren, Tyldesley, Jackson, and Rhodes, was able to declare at 426 yesterday with a lead of 401. 1. Leaving the field yesterday when the English team declared its innings closed. 2. Hon. F. S. Jackson, the English captain (82 not out, second innings). 3. Hayward going out to bat. 4. Trumper, who ricked his back, and had to retire from the field after—

1. Signalling the result of the race to the telegraph station on shore. 2. The American three-masted schooner Atlantic passing the Lizard after establishing a sailing record by crossing the Atlantic Ocean from Sandy Hook in twelve days.

—making 13 for Australia. 5. Cotter, the Australian "demon" bowler. 6. Hayward leaving the field after making a useful 47. 7. Lilley, England's first-rate wicket-keeper. The spectators at Nottingham were roused to a great pitch of enthusiasm yesterday by the splendid batting of the Hon. F. S. Jackson and Rhodes and the bowling of B. J. T. Bosanquet, which made possible a glorious victory for England. The scene at the close will be long remembered by those privileged to witness it.

1. Three Russian ships. 2. Russian ship, Sissoi Veliky, sunk. 3. Repair ship.

THE FATE OF THE BALTIC FLEET...



Admirals—Rojestvensky (in centre), wounded and captured by the Japanese; Folkersahm; also captured; Avelan, Minister of Marine (on the right). 2. First-class battleship Orel, captured by the Japanese. 3. Second-class battleship Borodino, sunk. 4. Second-class battleship Nicholas I., captured. 5. Fast protected cruiser Jemchug, sunk. 6. First-class battleship Osljabya, sunk. 7. Second-class battleship Navarin, sunk. 8. Second-class battleship Kniaz Suvaroff (Rojestvensky's flagship), sunk. 9. First-class battleship Imperator Alexander III., sunk. 10. Armoured cruiser Dmitri Donskoi, sunk. 11. Armoured cruiser Vladimir Monomakh, captured, with Rojestvensky on board. 12. Torpedo-boat destroyer Biedovy, captured, with Rojestvensky on board. 13. Armoured cruiser Admiral Nachimoff, sunk. 14. Torpedo-boat destroyer Biedovy, captured, with Rojestvensky on board. 15. The second-class battleship Ushakov was also sunk, as well as the fast cruiser Svetlana and the transport Irkessim. The fate of the three remaining cruisers of the Russian fleet is uncertain.

WOMAN'S TRUE MISSION IN LIFE.

Carmen Sylva, the Poet Queen of Roumania, Defines Her Sex's Real Vocation.

Alike in the natural and the spiritual world, the true vocation of woman is simply motherhood. This, I am convinced, is her high calling, with which she may well rest content.

But it has come to pass of late that women strive to manifest their mental powers in other kinds of work. The material aspect of life has grown more complicated in our day, and it is a great pity that we cannot return to the simplicity of former times.

After all, country life would always be the true ideal: to pass one's days peacefully on one's own land, whose produce should suffice for simple wholesome food, to allow the style of one's dress to be regulated rather by one's own artistic taste and regard for health and comfort than by the dictates of fashion, and, undisturbed by the noise and bustle of the crowd.

What a contrast to this idyllic picture does the world at the present moment present, with people living herded together in great cities, and cooped up in monstrous overcrowded houses within narrow streets, where they can hardly drink in a breath of fresh air nor see a leaf growing, but where each one, instead of giving his thoughts to higher things, is generally busied with his neighbour's affairs.

THE POWER OF WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

How fair this world might yet become under the beneficent sway of women of high breeding and noble culture did they but earnestly give up their whole souls to the task of making their influence felt to the most remote circles.

But the women of the present day seem disposed to descend from their lofty pedestal. Is it possible that they will not perceive, ere it be too late, their fatal and irremediable error?

Women should never forget that they stand on a superior level, and when they place themselves on an equality with man they do but descend from those heights: It is the natural instinct of man to venerate woman, first in the person of the mother who bore him, next in that of his wife, then again in that of the daughter, or it may be of the sister or sister-in-law, or the friend who watches over his children. It is not too much to say, that in all times and places, and under all circumstances soever, a truly womanly woman will hardly fail to obtain proper deference from men.

And if the latter sometimes assume too lordly an air towards the weaker sex, it is perhaps altogether unintentional. For men are in some respects just like children, who are quite unconsciously the greatest tyrants to those they love best. In the same way, in the hour of trouble, in sickness and fatigue, our husbands and our sons seem to us just such dear spoilt children, whom we must do our best to help and comfort, however inordinate the claims may be which they make on our sympathy and indulgence.

Al! if women could but learn that they are here not to be understood but to understand others, that herein lies a great part of their mission upon earth!

Men rarely understand the nature of woman; their own sentiments are much less complex and less highly elaborated, and they seldom have time or inclination to study the delicate, intricate machinery of a woman's soul. A man is generally satisfied, when he returns home tired after the day's work, to find a comfortable fireside awaiting him; he fancies the simple, honest affection he gives his wife ought to content her also, and he certainly will not trouble his head about any deeper psychological problem involved.

Every woman should remain more or less of a sphinx even to her own husband, so that he may always find in her some new riddle to solve; the mystery that envelops her is one of her greatest charms in his eyes, and the feeling with which it inspires him is one of well-nigh religious awe.

SUFFERING IN SILENCE.

Few women have the philosophy to overcome or even the worldly wisdom to hide their jealousy; if they fancy they have just cause of complaint against their husbands. It is a pity they cannot understand how much they would actually lessen their own sufferings by the effort to hide them. If they could, surely many a wife would spare her husband the hysterical outbursts, the tears and scoldings, which can only tend to alienate still further his affections, without affording herself the slightest relief.

Nature has invested woman with a twofold nimbus, as virgin and as mother, and often bestows the martyr's crown in addition to both these. Surely this consecration should suffice for our pilgrimage through this sad world.

[From "The Vocation of Women," by Carmen Sylva, in the June "National Review."]

A POEM YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

Love in June.

When June is come, then all the day
I'll sit with my love in the scented hay;
And watch the sun-shot palaces high,
That the white clouds build in the breezy sky.

She singeth, and I do make her a song,
And read sweet poems the whole day long:
Unseen as we lie in our hay-built home,
O life is delight when June is come.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

TO-DAY'S BOOKS.

LUCIE AND I, by Henriette Corkran. Unwin 6s. The story of a young girl very much in love. She tells herself and reveals her jealousy as her lover flirts with the Lucie of the title.

PUBLIC SPEAKING AND DEBATE, by George Jacob Holyoke. Unwin, paper 1s. cloth 2s. Eighth popular edition, revised and enlarged. It not only shows the fact that it was reprinted in America with another author's name upon the cover.

THE CONSTITUTION OF NORWAY. An historical and political survey. By H. L. Brækstad. With a complete account of the Norwegian Constitution and the Act of Union between Norway and Sweden. David Nutt. A book on a subject about which most people are strangely ignorant.

VANITY FAIR. Theatrical. **PICKWICK PAPERS**. Dickens. WAY-DOLEY. Scott. Macmillan, each 2s. cloth, 3s. leather. The latest additions to Messrs. Macmillan's Pocket Classics, and like those that have already appeared, a triumph in publishing. Printed on India paper and in excellent bindings. At anything, an improvement on the preceding series, since there is less gilding.

THE BROWN ADVENTURE BOOK, edited by A. T. Quiller-Couch. Cassell, 5s. It follows the Red, the Green, and the Blue Adventure Books, and is quite up to their standard in both matter and illustrations. And they are adventures, indeed!

would decide the race, but to onlookers those seconds ticked like minutes; to the jockeys, straining every nerve and every muscle, those seconds grew to hours.

Time ceased to exist, space became annihilated. The only space for them were the yards dividing their horses' heads from the judge's seat—nearly yards—fifty—twenty-five—the absolutely final ex-
panding—perhaps futile effort.

Lying flat on the leading horse's neck, his jockey lifted him towards the post—horse and jockey became one—one in thought, one in desire, one in deed.

And on beast and man every eye was fixed, and heaven alone knows how many hopes.

Every eye? No, not every eye, not even in the stars.

Two men there were whose eyes were fixed far away up the course on a group of people surrounding a horse that had just struggled to his feet. Their faces were white, their lips glued together.

The race had been finished for them some time ago; it was over as soon as the horses—eleven of them—had cleared the fence and were galloping.

There was a woman, too, who did not watch the great finish being grandly fought out by man and beast; a tall, slight girl who was fighting her way through the serried, dancing, shrieking crowd, fighting her way towards that distant solitary group of people. She seemed unconscious of everything save the phantasmagoric reach, unconscious even of the ears that ran down her cheeks and fell on the unsympathetic earth. And in the enclosure stood one man surrounded by his friends, his face a mask that none should read. His eyes were fixed on the horses flashing past the post, yet he did not see them. He saw nothing, he heard nothing. He was not dreaming, nor was he half-awake from the dream, the dream of his life—the dream of a silly, ambitious, sentimental old man.

So he told himself; but there was no comfort or help in the telling. Waking up had been a great shock; but he was proud, and no one, not even his wife, should see how deeply he was affected. So

ECHOES AND ANECDOTES.

For the Husbands of Prima-Donnas.

The latest source of amusement in Paris is a school for the husbands of prima-donnas. It is open to both those already married and those aspiring to be. The first course of instruction is in the folding and packing of the prima-donna's dresses. When a pupil can do this without creasing or spoiling them, he is initiated into the mysteries of contracts and taught how to deal with smart theatrical managers. No man need despair of making an excellent husband for a prima-donna so long as he is handy. There is no need for him to have brains.

Youthful Tact.

Who shall say the office-boy does not possess tact. The "boss" in the office of a well-known shipping firm was leaning over a table the other day, consulting a directory. The new office-boy strolled up and presented him stealthily with a note. "Puzzled, the great man opened it and read—'Honoured Sir, Your pants are ripped.' It is the 'Honoured Sir' which is so tactful. It implies at once that even 'ripped pants' could not detract from the great man's exalted position.

A Chance for "High Society."

That Society (with a capital S) has taken to buying and selling "on commission" is no news, but none the less the frankness of the following advertisement from yesterday's "Morning Post" comes as rather a blow:—

LADY, moving in high society, can add to her pin-money by recommending to her friends a strictly first-class laundry.—Address, in confidence, —

The Japanese Spirit.

A Japanese magazine tells the following little story: Nomoto Masaki is a lance-corporal in Reserve of the Imperial Guards who earns his living as an itinerant vendor of medicines. When the owner came for him to join the colours he was away from home. His mother promptly sent him to the district office, obtained a few hours of grace for her son, raised a little money by the sale of a few kitchen utensils, and started off to search for Masaki in one direction, while a younger son went off in another. The search was fruitless, so she pawned some clothes and went on searching steadily until she found him and brought him back to Tokio. Her last gift was a lock of hair and an old book on military tactics, with which and with her blessings she sent him forth to his country's battles.

A Question of Pronunciation.

At an education conference a few days ago in Wales one of the speakers continually referred to "the East Ham teachers" and their grievances. A well-known education expert sitting at the back of the hall found difficulty in hearing. At last he turned to the man sitting next him and asked indignantly: "Why is he using all this bad language? Who is he calling 'these damn teachers' all the time?"

"You've been half an hour at that telephone, and you haven't spoken a word."

"No, I cannot—my wife's at the other end!"—"Fliegende Blätter" (German).

he watched the race to a finish with unseeing eyes, with dry, hard eyes that heavily stared into the sunshine and saw only darkness.

Someone clasped his hands.

"Rough luck, Townley! So sorry, old man, so sorry!"

"Oh, it's all right—fortune of war," he replied quietly. Too quietly for the peace of mind of his wife, who overheard him.

The thunder of voices had reached its climax—the horses had reached the winning-post! One horse had reached the winning-post and the final yell rent the air, a yell of victory and a yell of defeat.

The colours that caught the judge's eye were blue and black and white and black, and the yell of victory that rent the air was:—

"The Devil! The Devil!"

And then it was all over.

The thunder rolled away; there was no cheering—a little noisy laughter, a little shouting, but that was all. It was not a popular owner.

And so for the time being the Boche.

But the great crowd on the great hill swallowed their disappointment, those who had not backed the winner; those who had, swallowed a drink and drew their money.

The Derby dog—which had been blamed for King Daffodil's accident—hid himself underneath a coach and contrived to chew a stolen chicken and lap up some spilt champagne.

Morbid merry-makers hastened to join the group at Tottenham Corner, in the hopes of seeing a corpse or a mangled body.

Mr. B. S. Vogel, swelling visibly with pride, struggled out to meet his horse and lead him in, amid congratulations of his friends—the friends he had put up with for so long.

But even as he led The Devil up the slope through an avenue of gaping humanity, he was busy calculating the exact amount in pounds, shillings, and pence that he had won.

Not the honour and glory for him, but the swollen banking account. Not the applause of the multi-

(Continued on page 11.)

AN IMPERIAL RACE.

In a recent speech Lord Rosbery stated that "The first duty of an Imperial Government is to rear an Imperial Race," and readers will doubtless agree with this. Connected in a very direct way with the rearing of the future men and women of this Empire is the question of the proper feeding of infants. The future of the race will depend largely on the way the infants of to-day are fed, and if our future citizens are to be strong, healthy, and vigorous, possessing fine, muscular frames, keen intellects, and active brains, it is absolutely necessary that the food given during the first year or two of life should be such as will build up sturdy bodies.

FACTS ABOUT BODY BUILDING.

Everyone recognises that it is not sufficient to merely give food of some kind, as it is quite equally important that the food given should be of the right sort, and this is where the difficulty comes in. It is not everyone who has that thorough knowledge of the principles of scientific feeding that enables a wise decision to be come to as to the best food. A perfect food must be so combined as to effect several different purposes, as some constituents are needed to produce heat and fat, others are required to assist in the formation of bone, and yet others to form flesh, and no food is satisfactory unless it answers these various conditions.

PREPARED FOODS.

There are an enormous number of foods recommended for feeding babies, invalids, dyspeptics, and the aged, but many fail in some one particular point on which we have insisted. There is one, however, which is a perfect food and has a truly magnificent record behind it. It is now more than forty years ago since Mr. John Savory, who was himself a medical practitioner, took up the question of the perfect food for conjunction with Baron Liebig, and "Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids" was the result.

To print the mass of evidence in favour of "Savory and Moore's Best Food" would require several issues of this paper, but it may be stated that a mass of testimony has been received from mothers, nurses, doctors, and the Medical Press. All affirm that it is a wonderful food for building up bone, brain, and muscle.

STRONG POINTS IN ITS FAVOUR.

Infants fed on "Savory and Moore's Best Food" will grow up to be healthy children and fine men and women, well developed mentally and bodily, with strong teeth not liable to decay. They will put on firm flesh, have rosy cheeks, will increase normally in weight, cut their teeth naturally, and develop muscular strength, and are free from many infantile ailments. Invalids, the aged, and those whose digestion is temporarily impaired, "Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids" is the very thing to build up, strengthen, and restore body, brain, and muscle. It is for these, amongst other reasons, that the Medical Press praise it so highly, and that innumerable medical men use Savory and Moore's Best Food in their own families. Better evidence of excellence cannot be required.

SOMETHING TO AVOID.

There are grave objections to the use of pre-digested food. The digestive organs were made for use, and if they do not have proper exercise they will be weak, undeveloped, and unequal to the demands of life. Whilst "Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids" is easy of digestion, it at the same time makes some small demand upon the digestive organs, which are consequently properly trained and developed. In view of the child's future, this is most important; and as regards invalids, the digestive organs should be exercised, and so gradually strengthened.

A FOOD FOR INVALIDS.

Invalids, the aged and dyspeptic who find ordinary food difficult of assimilation will do well to try "Savory and Moore's Best Food." It is easily retained, and gives the needed nourishment, and may be prepared in any quantity without impairing its digestibility or nutritive value.

A ROYAL FOOD.

"Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids" is used in the royal nurseries of England and Europe; the latest addition to the list being that of the Court of Italy. At the National Health Exhibition, when the jury consisted of the highest medical authorities, Savory and Moore were awarded the only gold medal for a malted infants' food.

"SAVORY AND MOORE'S BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS"

is supplied by Chemists and Stores in tins at 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s., or a LARGE TRIAL TIN will be sent post free for six penny stamps by Messrs. Savory and Moore, Ltd., Chemists to the King, at 143, New Bond-street, London, W., to all who mention the *Daily Mirror*.

WORTH WRITING FOR.

A leaflet will be sent showing how "Savory and Moore's Best Food" is adapted, used for invalids, convalescents, and the aged, and a booklet will also be forwarded of great interest to mothers, as it forms a complete guide to infant feeding. This gives the correct height of infants at different ages, (with a table for recording these fortnightly), muscular development, and the age at which the various teeth should appear. Food tables also for infants up to the age of about two years are included, and there is a very large amount of useful information. Send a postcard saying that you would like the book, and Savory and Moore will be pleased to send same to your address, but it will be better if you send a letter without delay enclosing six penny stamps and obtain the large trial tin.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

LYNDAL MAYBRICK: A charming young girl, a splendid horsewoman, and brought up at the training stables of Joe Marvis.

JOE MARVIS: A trainer of racehorses at Epson.

SIR TATTON TOWNLEY: A middle-aged racing baronet. He expects his horse King Daffodil to win the Derby.

B. S. VOGEL: A money king and the unscrupulous owner of the public favourite for the Derby, The Devil.

DOLORES ST. MERTON: A fascinating grass widow in the power of Vogel. (She is really a Mrs. Hilary.)

ARTHUR MERRICK: A gentleman jockey, who is to ride King Daffodil in the Derby.

BILLY: A one-eyed stableman devoted to Marvis.

CHAPTER XXX.

The eyes of the world were fixed upon the four struggling thoroughbreds now within a hundred yards of the winning-post. The thunder of voices roared ceaselessly, echoed up the hill, over the downs; beat towards the blue sky, crashed back to earth again.

"Were the spoils of victory for England or France?" "Mon Dieu! C'est l'ardly! Jardy! Jardy!" shrieked our hospitable Gallic friends.

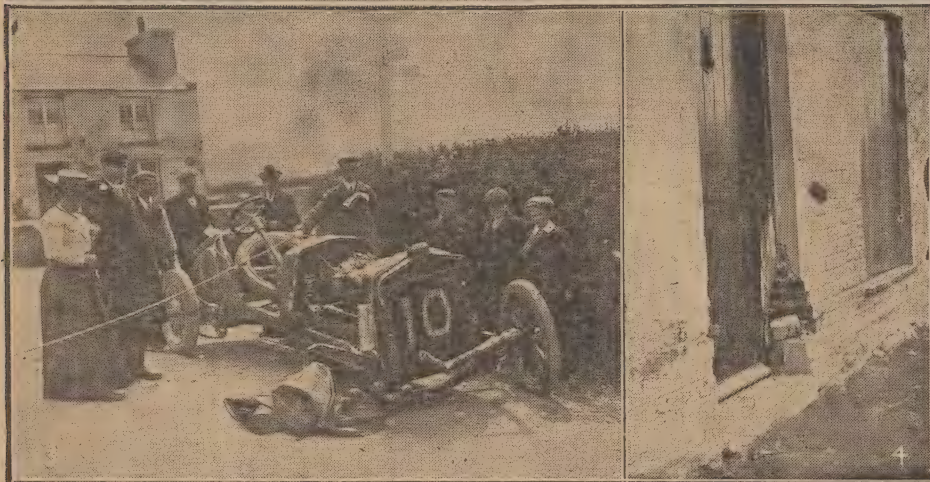
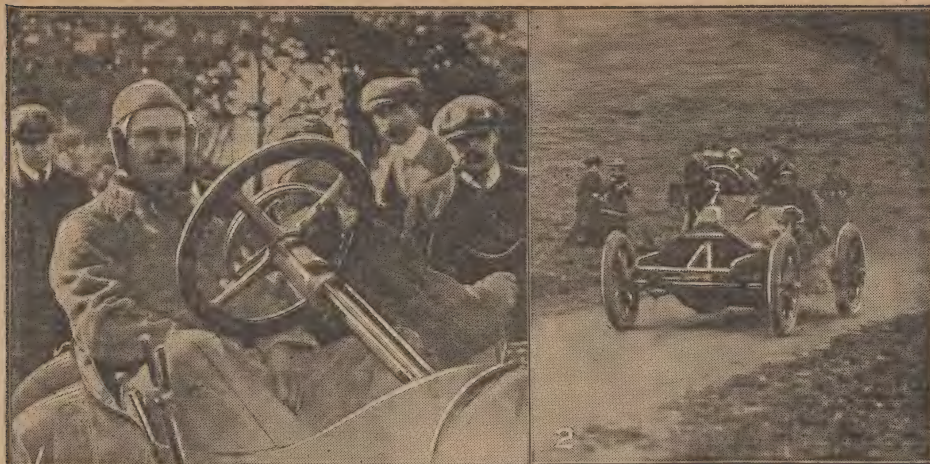
"Good old Cicero!" roared their Cockney antitheses.

"What price Llangibby?" shrieked an excitable punter, balancing himself for an instant on a bookie's improvised stand, and then falling to earth with a crash, carrying with him books and clerks, and a shower of gold and silver and a torrent of oaths and imprecations.

"Llangibby—beaten to blazes, you cross-eyed monkey," responded a Yorkshire tyke, getting his ticket ready to draw his winnings. "The race is all over. Hurrah!"

Nearer and nearer the horses approached, seconds

TESTING BRITISH COMPETITORS FOR GORDON-BENNETT CUP.



Great interest has been aroused by the motor races in the Isle of Man, held for the purpose of selecting the British competitors for this year's Gordon-Bennett race. No. 1 shows Mr. C. Bianchi, driving a Wolseley car, which was very successful in the trials. No. 2 shows the same car on the road by the lower slopes of Snaefell, one of the most trying bits of the course. No. 3. The Siddeley car, driven by Mr. S. Girling, after the accident, caused by the failure of the steering-gear—Girling broke a finger, but the mechanic was unhurt. No. 4. Where the Siddeley car dashed into a house, some three miles from Ramsey.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 10.)

tude nor the congratulations of mankind, not the joy of possession of the best horse of the year, nor the pride of having carried off the blue riband of the Turf—rather the mean delight in having fooled clever men, in having beaten better men and better horses, in having relieved the Ring of several thousand pounds.

He waited, outwardly cool and calm, save for the nervous twitching of his fat fingers, until "All right" was called. Then, with a fat, complacent smile, he joined his friends, and walked up and down in God's good sunlight as if he actually had a right to it, as if it shone to illuminate his clever deeds.

Not a word of thanks to the jockey who had steered the mad three-year-old; not a word to the colt, not a pat of approval. Just once, when he caught Bosche's eye, he forgot himself sufficiently to wink knowingly at his cute and successful trainer.

The numbers were being hoisted for the next race before he remembered to ask for Dolores.

No one knew where she was. Of course, everyone remembered seeing her just before the race; since then she had disappeared.

Vogel smiled to himself. Of course, she had gone to inquire after Merrick, to see if he was badly hurt or not. Well, she should have her reward, and as for her husband—

The smile on Vogel's face changed to a frown; he began to wish he had not brought the drunken brute from America who was so horribly in love with Dolores that he might refuse to go back without her.

He turned, and found Hilary at his elbow. His eyes were unnaturally keen and bright, and he bore himself with confidence.

Vogel glanced round to see that they were not observed.

"Don't worry me now," he whispered. "See you to-night."

"Can't wait; something to say now," Hilary replied.

"Well, well, what is it?"

"Aren't you pleased at your victory?" Hilary asked.

"Of course, I am; but I expected it. I'm very sorry it should have been marred by the sad accident to Townley's horse, though," he added raising his voice.

"Rot," sneered Hilary under his breath. "If I hadn't worked that accident for you—"

"Hush, you fool," Vogel hissed. "Hush, or I'll have you kicked out."

Hilary raised his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders.

"I appreciate a grateful man," he sneered.

"But I didn't come in to get your thanks; I came to ask you what has happened to my wife. Where is she, what have you done with her?"

"I don't know where she is; don't worry me now. She's somewhere about," Vogel replied testily.

"And remember that she is not your wife yet."

"She is; I've earned her!"

"Yes, yes—I know—we'll discuss this another time, to-morrow. You'll find her with Merrick probably—binding up his wounds."

Vogel moved away, but Hilary stopped him.

"She's not with Merrick," he said quickly. "I've just seen him."

"Is he much hurt?"

"No—not outwardly. He looks dazed, though; looks as if he'd suddenly lost his reason."

He chuckled softly. "I felt sorry for him, poor beggar. He's the only one who loses everything! And five days ago he boasted of winning everything!"

"Well, look here," Vogel said desperately. "You can look in to-night after dinner at Grosvenor-square. I'll settle up then, arrange things. D'you see? Only for goodness sake don't follow me about now!"

"Will Dolores be there?"

"Yes—of course."

"Right, I'll come in to-night. But you promise that she shall be there?"

"Yes, yes; I promise. You'll probably find her now in the paddock, or somewhere; if you only take the trouble to search. If you do find her, tell her I want her, tell her I've something to give her."

Hilary nodded and disappeared, and Vogel fought his way back to his box. But the racing had lost interest for him; he had won. The Devil had—that was all he cared about. Nothing else of his was running that day, and Bosche hadn't a tip for him. There was no chance of making any more money, so he sent a servant in search of his car and prepared to return to London.

There was a big dinner-party at Grosvenor-square that night, and Vogel contemplated illuminating the exterior of his house in honour of his victory. He pictured a crowd of envious, cheering people filling the square, and he wished that he had arranged for his horse to be cheered when it won.

For the first time he remembered and realised the cold reception the public gave The Devil.

"I suppose the fools didn't back it," he laughed.

The servant he had sent in search of his car informed him that it had just returned.

"Returned!" ejaculated Vogel. "Returned! What the deuce d'you mean? I never sent it away."

"I think, sir, it took a lorry to Burham Junction railway station."

Vogel swore under his breath and as soon as he reached the entrance where his magnificent car waited he demanded in strong British language of the polite French chauffeur what he meant by taking strangers to railway stations without his permission.

"Mais non, M'sieur," said the chauffeur. "It was no stranger—Mlle. St. Merton sent for me; it was very important that she reached Burham station without delay."

"Mlle. St. Merton," Vogel cried—"Burham Junction railway station"—then he suddenly laughed and changed his tone.

"Of course, how stupid of me. I forgot. Did she catch her train?"

(Continued on page 13.)

THE MINERVA PIANO PLAYER



"Accompanists are born, not made" is now untrue. The perfect accompanist is the "Minerva" Piano Player, unequalled except by the higher priced players. Do not believe this, however, until you have heard the "Minerva." The price is only

25 guineas net,

or by deferred payments, 18s. per month. We invite you to send us a postcard for our catalogue No. 3, and a list of branch offices where you can hear it. You will not be importuned to buy, and you will enjoy the experience.

MURDOCH, MURDOCH & CO.'S

Music Saloons:

Hatton House, 81, Clerkenwell Rd., E.C.

BIRMINGHAM: 155 & 157, Corporation Street.

BRIGHTON: 164 & 166, Western Road.

GLASGOW: 101 & 103, Hope Street.

EDINBURGH: 59, George Street.

And at Chatham, Dover, Newcastle, &c.

Cramer & Co., 126, Oxford Street, W.

J. & J. Hopkinson, 84, New Bond Street, W.

For To-morrow's Dinner

try a Corn Flour Custard Shape, served with the stewed juice of any fresh fruit in season, instead of cream. See recipe in packet.

Look at your packet and see if you really have the best Corn Flour—

Brown & Polson's "Patent"

If not, MAKE A POINT of getting it next time—you will notice a difference.

A SMART ARREST!

Of your attention to our offer to send you FREE of charge Patterns of our 21s. Suits to Measure (valued by thousands of customers at 42s. 6s.) is here made.

Send a postcard for FREE Patterns of our Cloths, and you will be astonished at the value we give.

TROUSERS to MEASURE at 6s. SUPERFINE QUALITY SUITS

To Measure at 27s. 6d.

We will also send you, absolutely FREE of charge, tape measure, fashion plate, and full instructions how to measure yourself, which need not be returned.

Money Returned if you are not Satisfied. Call or Write. Agents Wanted.

CURZON BROS. (Dept.), 155, 60 & 62, CITY ROAD, FINCHBURY.

LONDON, E.C.

ESTABLISHED 1850.



BORWICK'S THE BEST BAKING POWDER IN THE WORLD.

THE STRAWBERRY SEASON—HOW TO MAKE COMPLEXION WASHES OF THE FRUIT.

COSMETICS IN THE GARDEN.

COMPLEXIONS IMPROVED BY THE RUDDY BERRY.

The strawberry is one of the best cosmetics known for the face, though as a food it only benefits a few people. The season during which the fruit is most plentiful and inexpensive is now here, and full advantage should, therefore, be taken of it as a beautifier.

To derive the full benefit from a quart of strawberries used externally, take the berries and put them on the stove covered with a pint of water. Let them simmer for a quarter of an hour, then pass them through a sieve. The face should be washed in the juice that results. If there are freckles, or the face has a generally tanned appearance, let the juice remain on long enough to get perfectly dry, then wash it off with hot water and powdered borax.

Here is another recipe for a face wash composed of strawberries. Take one quart of ripe strawberries and extract all the juice, put it on the stove and add an equal amount of pure water to it. To this add one tablespoonful of powdered borax. Let it heat thoroughly, then strain it off and let it get cool. Use it clear upon the face and hands every morning. Do not go out for an hour after using this.

Unguent for Motorists.

To make strawberry cream for the countenance—an excellent unguent for motorists—take two ounces of almond oil and put it into a pan with the ripe berries. Let it simmer, strain it, cool it, and pour off any water that may still be there. Now add a lump of mutton tallow twice as big as a walnut. Beat it until cold, then use it on the face for sunburn and windburn.

A lotion that blends rosewater and strawberries is made as follows. Take an ounce of rosewater and two strawberries, and heat them in a double boiler. Thicken this with white wax, using a lump about the size of a walnut, and scent it with half a dozen drops of oil of geranium. In straining it be sure to get out all the strawberry seeds, and also see that the cream is beaten smooth before setting the lotion away to cool. A little egg-beater will be found of great assistance in making lotions and creams of all kinds.

To keep the skin white there are various home-made cosmetics to be made of the kindly fruits of the earth that will be found excellent. Take a big head of lettuce, separate its leaves, put them in a chafin-dish, and cover them with a pint of water. Do not let it come quite to the boil. Put it through a strainer and let it cool. Now add ten drops of simple tincture of benzoin and a teaspoonful of powdered borax. Shake this and keep it for daily use on the skin.

Lotion from Cucumbers.

Cucumbers are used in many ways as aids to the complexion. This is a quick and good way to prepare one: Cut it into lengthwise slices and lay them on the face, binding them in place and letting the juice dry on the skin. Then wash the face with very hot water, and the pleasant result will be that one layer of tan will have been removed.

The following cucumber lotion never fails the woman whose skin feels rough. Take the cucumber, but do not peel it, cut it into pieces, cover them with a pint of water, and let the whole simmer for a quarter of an hour. Strain it and make it milky with benzoin, and add an equal quantity of eau de Cologne. Soften the mixture with borax and use it on the skin once a day.

DAINTY FOOTGEAR.

Among the new ideas in footwear, white kid in combination with patent leather or coloured leather is noticeably prominent, and some of the shoes in champagne or tan leather, with a narrow band of white leather round their tops, and with flat little bows of white kid in front, are very coquettish.

The craze for embroidery has spread to include the house shoes worn, and white ones heavily embroidered on the toes are intended to be worn with embroidered white hose, embroidered petticoats, embroidered frocks, embroidered coats, embroidered hats, and embroidered parasols.



The pretty blouse illustrated above is made of bird's-eye blue batiste and embroidered lawn, and the one on the right of corn-coloured cotton, with a plastron front and sleeve puffs of broderie Anglaise.

BEAUTIFUL GLOVES.

GAUNTLETS LINED WITH CONTRASTING COLOURS.

The short sleeve is undoubtedly the sleeve of the season, and in hot weather will be found as comfortable as it is unbecoming to the average woman. The long, close cuff of lace is a happy compromise for the woman who knows that her arms are not all she could desire in point of beauty.

With the short-sleeved frocks long gloves lined with white or the palest biscuit shades are commonly worn, but long black suede gloves are liked with some costumes, and are, of course, more serviceable than the light shades. Numerous fancy gloves are seen. Some of them have gauntlet tops lined with a contrasting colour; others have coloured stitching on the backs, and perhaps kid bands of a corresponding colour at the tops. There are regulation mousquetaire long gloves without openings at the wrists, but with loose straps stitched in a colour that may be clasped round the wrist to hold the glove at that part in firmly.

Embroidered tops are also seen and tops inset with lace, but though these bizarre ideas may appeal to those who welcome any novelty, there is little or no probability that they will be adopted by the really smart woman. Fancy gloves have often been tried, and have as often failed to meet with universal favour, and even in this season of glove importance history will doubtless repeat itself.



LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 11.)

"I don't know, M'sieur. I did not wait, Mlle. told me to return here a moment."

"Ah," Vogel hesitated a moment. "She ought not to have gone alone. She was alone?" he asked casually.

"Yes, M'sieur, quite alone."

Vogel nodded. His guests began to take their seats.

"Excuse me one moment, I have forgotten something; I must see Bosché before I go," Vogel cried as he hurried back to the enclosure. But it was not his trainer that Vogel sought as he elbowed his way from stand to stand through the mighty crowd; it was not Bosché whose face he searched so anxiously for, but Hilary's.

He found him at last still hunting in the paddock for Dolores.

"You haven't found her," he grinned.

"No, she's gone, disappeared, as if the earth had opened and swallowed her up," Hilary looked at Vogel with suspicion in his sad grey eyes. "If you're playing me false," he whispered; "if now that you've won you're going to fool me—"

"Oh, no, I'm not going to fool you," Vogel laughed. "But you really mustn't hold me responsible for the vagaries of your wife. The bargain was that I should give you money and oppor-

tunities. I won't fail you. Now I've just discovered where Dolores has disappeared. She took my motor and went at full speed to Burham Junction."

"Why—what for?"

Vogel shrugged his shoulders.

"You'd better find out; go to Burham Junction at once. You may find her waiting there even now. If not you'll easily discover where she has gone. Follow her and tell her I'm waiting to see her. Be diplomatic; say nothing about the future. Leave that to me. But I should advise you to hurry, or you may have a long and difficult hunt for her."

"I'll take a cab at once," Hilary muttered. "Why do you think she left so suddenly? What do you think she is doing?"

"I never waste my time in trying to find a reason for a woman's actions," Vogel replied. "Don't forget, diplomacy! And leave the future to me." Vogel hurried to his motor-car and Hilary to find a cab.

The latter bribed the driver to send his horse at the nearest approach at a gallop it could imitate. At first their progress was impeded by the thousands of vehicles and pedestrians that already were wending their way home, and the dust hung in great white clouds, almost blotting out the sunshine. But as soon as the carriage turned off from the main road the way was fairly clear. Hilary could scarcely control his excitement; he stood up

in the carriage, leaning over the box-seat urging the driver to push his horse forward yet faster and faster, until Burham Junction came into view.

Before the carriage pulled up Hilary had jumped out, and in another second he was rushing across the platform. He had seen the train steaming towards the station; he had seen his wife standing under shelter of the bookstall, her eyes anxiously on the strip of white road. He reached the platform she was standing on as the train pulled up, and she saw him then for the first time.

She started violently, and her face, already pale, took a ghastly hue. For a moment she hesitated, as if paralysed with fear, unable to decide on a course of action. Then her eyes again swept the platform, peered between the carriages of the train at the distant road. Arthur Merrick had not arrived; he was not coming.

In an instant she had jumped into a first-class compartment, and beckoned to the guard to lock the door for her.

Hilary panted to her side just too late; he shouted to the guard to open the door, but at a glance from Dolores that official wisely refused.

The whistle shrieked, the train moved forward again.

But as it did so Hilary ran alongside of it and jumped into the compartment next to the one his wife occupied.

(To be continued.)

EIFFEL TOWER
You can neither make nor buy another beverage that tastes so good or quenches thirst so well. No other drink so healthful, so convenient, so inexpensive.

LEMONADE
2 GALLONS FOR 4½

ALSO USE EIFFEL TOWER JELLIES

COURT JOURNAL

says, "It is delicious, soft, and full of cream, with a distinct Cheddar flavour."

St. Ivel Cheese, all grocers.

Send pd. to sole makers, APLIN & BARNETT, &c., LTD., Yeovil, Somerset, for sample cheese and "Secret of St. Ivel," post free.

6/- SEWING MACHINE. 6/-

Patented. Patronised by H.M. the Empress Alexandra of Russia.

THIS machine does work which will bear comparison with that of other machines costing higher prices. It is truly made of metal, with plated fittings, improved stitch regulator, etc. It works at great speed. It has no complications like the old-fashioned intricate machines, therefore no adjustment is required. It works fine and coarse materials equally as well.

Sent in wooden box, carriage paid, for 6/9; two for 12/6. Extra needles 6d. and 1s. packets.

Write for Press Opinions and Testimonials, or call and see the machines at work.

SEWING MACHINE CO., R Dept.,
33 & 35, Brook Street, Holborn, London, E.C.

To H.M. THE KING.

THE POPULAR
SCOTCH
IS
"BLACK & WHITE"
WHISKY.

To H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

For good children
Mackintosh's TOFFEE
is the Best Reward

WHITEWAY'S DEVONSHIRE CYDERS.

Far surpasses those of other countries. Guaranteed pure apple juice. Bottled in natural condition, without chemical preservatives or artificial. Special brands of old vintages (sparkling and still).

WHITEWAY'S DEVONSHIRE CYDERS.

Supplied many members Royal Family, House of Lords, etc. Recommended by highest medical authorities for gout, rheumatism, etc. Also supplied in casks.

WHITEWAY'S DEVONSHIRE CYDERS.

Illustrated Price List, WHITEWAY'S, The Orchard, Whimple, Devon, or 23 and 25, Albert Embankment, S.W. West End representatives—Hedges and Butler, Regent Street, Wine Merchants to his Majesty King Edward VII.

